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DEAD.

BY SAMUEL W. COOPER.

Buried so long that grasses wild have grown
Over the grave unreared for; mosses green
Obscure the name upon the stone unclean.
But sometimes, dear, I find my heart has flown
Back to old love, who once was all my own;
And the long years that since have rolled between
Vanish, and you are again my queen,
My love, my kingdom and my crown and throne.

Some foolish word, some song you used to sing,
A smile, a handclasp or a careless kiss,
Some trifle happens, and my soul doth wing
Back to the past, with its too fleeting bliss;
I kiss you, feel your arms about me cling;
Forget cruel time—nor know his wide abyss.

A Thief in the Candle.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE CUNNING," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "BENEATH THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SHADOWS AND DREAMS.

"At last, wife—at last! See; the acid and the alkali combine; the metal is set free and is pre—cip—itated, and—no—no—no—no! Only another disappointment!"

Crash!

A couple of retorts, a receiver, and a spirit lamp were swept off a goldsmith's workbench, and Adam Robson laid his fast-grizzling head and broad brow upon his bare arms, as one does who is stricken by despair, his breast heaving with sigh, and his hands opening and shutting as if here grasping as at something beyond him, and catching, as he had tried for years, at empty nothings, that seemed to him to be so real.

"Husband!"

Adam Robson lifted his despairing face slowly as a couple of soft, plump hands were laid upon his shoulder, and a sweet, comely countenance looked down in his, young-looking still, though here and there a thread or two of silver showed about the white temples, and there were lines of trouble about the twitching mouth.

"Hannah! wife!"

"Why trouble about it, dear? Why not be content to go on as we are; Gracie and I will help you all we can, and—we have not been miserable, Adam, even if we have been poor."

"Miserable, wife? No, but it is the black cloud of the future that makes me strive so hard."

"But why?"

"Because I am sick of seeing you work, work, work, for such pitiful payment; because it maddens me to see my child, in her sweet bloom of youth, condemned to this drudgery of the needle."

"Hush, dear! I don't complain; and as for Gracie, she is happy enough, poor child! Why, what black clouds!"

Adam Robson gave a quick glance round his room, half kitchen, half workshop, and caught his wife's hand.

"Devick," he said, quickly—"not a word to a soul, but I am uncomfortable about him. He is my master."

"Well, what of that?" said the wife, drawing the troubled head to her till it rested upon her bosom. "We all must have masters—you are mine;" and she smiled, as if the yoke were a very easy one to wear.

"Yes, but such a one as he! Hannah, I don't know how it is, but for the past two years he seems to have been getting me more beneath his thumb, and, strive as I will, I am more and more in his debt."

Mrs Robson sighed.

"There were those diamonds he brought me to unset. He always swears he left them here, but I never saw them after he was gone, and he keeps their value against me, as so much owing—a hundred and eighty pounds, and he makes out that I am a good deal behind as well, besides the back rent."

"But he does not press you, dear; and in time we shall work it out."

The goldsmith shook his head violently.

"That is not all he whispered. "I'm not sure, but I'm afraid that he is a bad man, and, though I have nothing to go upon, I fear that some of the jewels he brings me to reset or take out of their settings are ——"

"Not honestly come by? Oh, Adam!"

"Only suspicion, my girl; but I have worse to say."

"Worse?"

"Yes. Of late; when he has come here, I have noticed his ways towards Gracie."

"Oh, Adam?"

"Yes; women are generally most observant, but I have seen this first. I am sure there is something; and he, a rich man, can have no good intentions towards our child."

"Adam, you horrify me."

"As I have often horrified myself."

"I would sooner see her the wife of the poorest workman in the land than——"

"I would sooner see her dead!" cried Adam Robson, fiercely.

"But we need not worry ourselves about that, for I am sure Mr. Brand does not come here merely to see how I am now."

"Oh, nonsense! He, a clever doctor, could not think of Gracie."

"But I'm sure he does, and I think Gracie cares for him. How kind he was all through my illness!"

"Yes, and I have not paid his bill. Wife, wife!" cried Robson, excitedly, "I must, I will find this out, and then—wealth, girl—wealth!"

"Do you think we should be any happier if we had wealth, Adam?"

"I should!" he cried, fiercely, "for I should see my wife and child above the risk of insult. I should be a free man without these chains of debt. Those diamonds, Hannah—do you think that boy——"

"Oh, no, no, no! He is full of boyish tricks, and mischievous enough. But I'll answer for it he is as honest as the day."

"And his mother?"

"What, Polly? His aunt, dear—his aunt."

"Pish! I shall retract what I said about women being the most observant. She is his mother."

"Well perhaps so. I have never tried to dive into the secrets of her life. All I know is that she watched by me night and day, all through my fever and laughed at risk, and that she devotes herself entirely to that boy."

"Yes—yes—yes! the woman is a white slave; but poor people are often tempted. I am."

"Yes, and poor people resist temptations. No, dear; Polly Dee would not steal a stick of firewood, let alone diamonds."

"Well, well! let's hope so," said the goldsmith, gazing down ruefully at the broken glass; "and I must try again."

"Try, dear?"

"Yes, yes!" he cried, excitedly. "You women have no faith in an inventor—the world has no faith in an inventor—even in great inventors. How can I expect, then, for anyone to believe in the trivial matter over which I dream?"

"But you have told me so little about it," said his wife, looking up at him with a weary, careworn aspect which she tried to make sympathetic.

"Well," he cried, pettishly "why should I? You would not be interested."

"Not in your success, Adam? Don't misjudge me, dear."

"No, no! I do not—I will not; but poverty makes me fretful; my anxieties get to be sometimes more than I can bear."

Mrs. Robson placed her cool hand against her husband's feverish brow, and half pressed him down upon his stool.

"Tell me all about it once again," she said tenderly; and the man's eyes flashed, and he spoke eagerly.

"I will!" he cried. "It is for you and our child I am working. Wife, wife! you do not know how a few words of sympathy can help a man."

"You shall have many," she said, gently. "Tell me again."

"Look here, then: I have seen how money is often made by some trifle not so much an invention as a means of a manufacture. These tiny particles form quite a mountain in the year, and the contriver of the saving grows rich."

"Yes, dear," she said, suppressing a sigh, which passed unnoticed, and he went on—

"You know how sharply Levick looks after my rags, the leathers, and apron, and the sweepings beneath my bench? You know how all these are burned, and the gold extracted!"

"Yes, dear—yes."

"It seems mere scraping, but the amount of gold is considerable in the course of a year."

"Yes, dear; but you could not even claim that."

"No; but I could claim the waste that is thrown away. I could patent a process, or keep it secret, for extracting the gold and silver from the waste acid."

"But that would only, perhaps, be a few shillings a year."

"A few pounds, you mean!" he said, excitedly.

"They would be welcome," she said, smiling; "but a few pounds would not mean a fortune Adam."

"Look farther," he said, sternly. "Multiply those few pounds that I should save by the twenty thousand workshops of the civilized world, and what have you then?"

"Adam!"

"Ah! does that touch you? Does that open your eyes? I tell you that it would be an immense fortune. That I could work by agents—by royalties—by various other means which are all misty now. I have not troubled about those matters, for I have not hit upon the plan I want; but I shall yet. I will find it out."

Hannah Robson shook her head.

"I tell you I will!" he cried.

"May it not be a fancy, Adam?"

"There—there—there!" he cried, querulously; "always the way with a woman! You think that if I were going on with my drudgery I should be doing better. Wife—wife! can you not see that it is starvation work that I am doing and that if ill-health overtakes me our condition is hopeless."

"No, no! don't say that."

"I do say it. What is to become of Gracie?—of you? I am Devick's slave; and if I offend him to-morrow, he may cast me into a debtor's prison, to lie there and rot, for I can never pay his debt."

"Hush!"

* * * * * *

MAKING AN ENEMY.

There was a double ring at the bell, and Mrs. Robson left the room, trying to hide the emotion caused by her husband's harsh words, and returned in a minute ushering in a tall, handsome, fashionably-dressed man.

He looked to be about forty, and—judging from his long, oval face, and dark hair, eyes, and complexion—seemed to have foreign—probably Spanish—blood in his veins; perhaps due to some remote ancestor who had married and settled in the low countries, his name—Devick—indicating that his parentage was either Belgian or Dutch.

"Morning, Robson," he said; "have you set that ring?"

"Yes, sir;" and the goldsmith went to his bench, opened a small box, and took therefrom a lustrous diamond, set in a thick gold hoop.

The new comer tried on the ring, and held it up to the light. Then taking a watchmaker's glass from his pocket, he fixed it in his eye and examined the stone and workmanship carefully.

As this was going on, Mrs. Robson took her work from the table, gave her husband an almost imploring look, and quietly left the room, unaware of the fact that Devick was watching her furtively the while.

"Yes, that will do," he said, placing the ring in his pocket. "I'll pay you for this Saturday—that is, if you wish me to pay you. Hallo! been breaking glass?"

"An accident—a little chemical experiment, Mr. Devick."

"Ah, yes! You are always performing chemical experiments, Robson. You must be getting a rich man. By the way, I've been very patient, but I'm in immediate want of cash. You must pay me that money for the jewels you lost."

"Pay you, Mr. Devick?"

"Pay me!—why, of course. You don't suppose I'm going to lose a couple of hundred pounds through your mere carelessness?"

"A hundred and eighty, sir, you valued the diamonds at before."

"Two years ago. Why, man, do you suppose I can let my money be idle? The rest is for interest. In addition, you owe me for over-drawn money and rent; unreturned gold that you have had to make up, too."

"Really, Mr. Devick, there seems to be some mistake about that. I have always accounted to you for the gold I have had to work up."

"Ah! that's your careless way, Robson. You are a masterly workman, but the most careless and unbusiness-like fellow I employ. You keep no accounts, and remain poor. I keep accounts accurately, and make—well, I manage to live. You owe me, beside the two hundred, nearly ninety pounds—with interest, a hundred. I now want money, and and you have got to pay me two hundred and fifty pounds—at once. The fifty can stand."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds, Mr. Devick!" cried the goldsmith, excitedly. "I could not raise two hundred and fifty shillings!"

"Then I shall have to place the matter in my solicitor's hands."

"No, no, Mr. Devick! For Heaven's sake don't do that! I am trying so hard. I will strive night and day to repay you; but don't press me. Indeed, I have not a dozen pounds in the world."

"Why should I wait?"

"Because you know I am an honest man."

"I have shown you plenty of mercy, Robson, and I have done more. For certain reasons, I have waited about that loss of the diamonds. Anyone else would have prosecuted you for theft."

Adam Robson looked at him in despair.

"You will wait, sir?" he cried.

"I cannot my good fellow. I have given you to the end of your tether."

"For the sake of my wife and child, sir, I implore you to give me time. I will work without ceasing to get free, sir. For my wife's sake—my poor child's sake, sir—pray wait!"

Rice Devick gave the excited man a searching glance with his dark eyes, while

smile of triumph played about his lips suddenly he exclaimed—

"Sit down. I am going to show you a road out of the difficulty.

Adam Robson placed a chair opposite to his visitor and sat down with a curious expression of anxiety on his face, while his creditor crossed his legs, pressed down the fingers of his well-fitting gloves, and, with a curious, self-satisfied smile upon his handsome face, half closed his eyes, and looked straight before him, as if preparing what he intended to say.

"How is Miss Robson?" he said at last.

Robson started.

"My child, sir? Quite well."

"At home?"

"No, sir; from home."

"Ah, yes!" said the visitor, speaking as if to himself—"taking back work. Poor girl! what a life!"

"Mr. Devick——"

"Allow me, Robson," said the visitor, raising his gloved hand and speaking softly and with a peculiar smile upon his countenance. "I have something to say; you shall have your turn directly."

Robson bowed, sat uneasily in his chair, and watched the calm, handsome face before him, whose eyes seemed to be examining everything in the room except its master.

"You owe me three hundred pounds, Robson."

"Yes, sir; I must grant the debt, I suppose, and——"

"Of course you must. You can see my carefully posted-up ledger if you have any doubts."

"But——"

"You had better let me finish, Robson, my good fellow. I have not very much to say."

"Pray go on, sir."

"I repeat, then, that you owe me three hundred pounds—a large sum for you, and one that you will never be able to pay."

"Indeed, sir, but I have great hopes that in a very few months I shall be able to clear off all my indebtedness to you."

"Dreams, my good fellow, dreams. I know what you are doing. You are trying to invent something, which you will never perfect, and if you did something of which some more business-like man would reap the fruit."

"Indeed, sir——"

"Nonsense, man! I have watched you for months growing more wrapped up in your dreams of prosperity that will never be realized. You are starving your wife, ruining yourself as a workman, and making your beautiful child a drudge."

Robson started again, but Devick paid no heed.

"Confess," he said, "you have hardly a shilling in the house."

"No," cried Robson, angrily, "I will not confess."

"You have confessed, my good fellow. It is written everywhere—in your face—on your clothes—about your shabby room—in the eyes of your impoverished, careworn wife."

"Have you come to insult me, sir?"

"No; I have come to bring sunshine into your home; to give you a comfortable position; to put an end to your misery; and to write down, on receiving your promise, a clearance of your debt to me."

"And what am I to promise, sir?"

"That which will bring happiness and joy into your home, and place one you love in luxury, in place of being worked like a slave."

"I understand you, sir."

"Let me finish, Robson, plainly, as an Englishman should—for I am an Englishman if my name is Dutch. I love your daughter."

"Mr. Devick!"

"Stop! Hear me out. I have loved Grace from the time she was a mere girl and as she has gone on growing and developing into a beautiful woman, I have always promised myself that she should be my wife."

"Impossible, sir," said Robson, sternly. "You are a married man."

"I am not a married man, Robson; I am free to marry your child to-morrow, and I will devote my life to her; she shall have every whim gratified. I will make you—her parents—comfortable for the rest of your days. There, I will do everything you could wish; but let us have no heroics. Let the matter be concluded between us in a sensible manner. There, I have taken you by surprise. Of course I startled you. I came in a creditor, and am going out with our places changed. Shake hands."

Robson did not move.

"My dear Robson, of what are you thinking? You know I am pretty rich."

"Yes, sir."

"And that you are even worse than very poor."

"Yes, sir, I know all this; but I tell you it is impossible."

"Nonsense, man! There, I know I am double her age, but what of that? I do not look old; and as to past stupid follies—tchah! be a man of the world."

"Mr. Devick!"

"Tush, man! don't be foolish. I know it is hard to part with a child that you love, but you must lose her some day. Think what a future is before her. Come, we understand one another. My dear father-in-law, it is yes."

"Mr. Devick," cried Robson, excitedly, "it is no!"

Devick's countenance changed. An ugly, malevolent, almost ferocious look crossed it, and unconsciously he showed his white teeth in a peculiarly animal fashion as he drew in his breath with a hiss.

He was about to make some passionate remark, but he mastered himself and then smiled.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" he said, playing with the buttons of his gloves, and rearranging his black satin stock. "You are too hasty, Robson. Come, come! let us reason it out."

"Mr. Devick," said the goldsmith, "I reasoned it out, and, though I see the advantages of your proposal, I must say no."

"Nonsense man I will not take no for an answer."

"Sir, you must. It is impossible."

"That is a word I do not believe in, Robson. Everything is possible to the man who waits. My good fellow, before you say any more, answer me this: have you thought of your position?"

"I have sir."

"But have you thought of the consequences?"

"Consequences, sir?"

"Yes; of making me your en—no, no! I will not talk like that; it is romantic. Come, come! Robson, your hand; this, is to be a compact."

"Mr. Devick—no, sir, no; I must be plain with you; my child shall never be your wife."

Devick started from his chair with a half-uttered oath.

"Do you know what you are saying?" he cried.

"Yes, sir," Robson, said sadly, "I do."

"Do you wish to make me proceed to—— Ah! Mrs. Robson, I am glad to you have come," he continued, changing his tone as he rose and placed a chair with every token of respect for the troubled woman who now entered the room. "I want you for my ally. I have been making a proposition to our dear stern father here, and——"

"I've—I've heard every word, sir!" cried Mrs. Robson, avoiding the chair he offered, and going behind her husband, to stand with her hands upon his shoulders.

"Listening, eh? Fie!"

"No, sir; not listening. You as our landlord, ought to know that every word must go through that canvas partition."

"Ah! it is a mean, wretched house for you, Mrs. Robson; but now that is all going to be at an end. You know everything, and you are going to place yourself upon my side. We must convince Adam here that it is for Miss Grace's good, as well as his own and yours."

"My husband thinks the same as I do, sir," said Mrs. Robson, coldly. "We have noticed your advances and attentions to our child; and what you propose is impossible."

"Thank you, Hannah," sighed the goldsmith.

"But—there, I will not be angry," said Devick. "I cannot help feeling disappointed that you should both take this tone towards me. I suppose some one has blackened my character in your eyes. Really, though, are all a man's youthful weaknesses to be brought up against him?"

He paused, but husband and wife were silent.

"Come," he said; "we are to be friends, and relatives, are we not? I tell you, I love Gracie with all a strong man's passionate love. As my wife she shall have her every wish gratified, and——"

He stopped short, for a sharp voice was heard on the stairs, and then a woman's in expostulation; and before Mrs. Robson could reach the door, a little, thin, anxious-looking woman, in washed-out cotton print, entered, leading in a sharp-eyed boy by the ear.

She stopped short, as if petrified, on seeing who was present; and then, instead of backing out, hurried the boy on, struggling and expostulating, till they had reached the other door and disappeared.

"I—I am sorry that you were interrupted, sir," said Mrs. Robson, quickly; and then, turning to her husband, she said, in a low voice—

"Keep him with you while I go downstairs; Gracie will be here directly."

"Are you advising your husband what to say, Mrs. Robson?" said the visitor, smiling. "I may take it for granted, may I not that my proposal is favorably received?"

"No, sir—no; it is impossible!" cried Mrs. Robson, firmly.

"And may I ask why?"

"There are reasons, sir, reasons; and I would rather my husband did not speak."

"In—deed!" said Devick, who had recovered his natural color, which had been driven out of his cheeks by the sudden appearance of the woman and the boy; "but may I not know what the reasons are? Let me see. Ah, yes! I should know that step and that voice," he continued, gaily. "Miss Robson is evidently not alone."

He was smiling now, and showing his white teeth, as if highly delighted at the opportunity of seeing the daughter of the house, when she entered; but his smile did not deceive Mrs. Robson, who kept glancing at him uneasily, while Robson's brow wrinkled into a set frown.

For there was the deep burr of a man's voice upon the stairs, as well as the soft, pleasant tones of a girl's; and directly after the door opened, and a bright-eyed, graceful-looking girl of nineteen entered, closely followed by a squarely-built man of about thirty, whose broad forehead and clear grey eyes spoke of decision, which his lips would have endorsed had they not been hidden by a thick, closely-clipped brown beard.

"Ah, Mrs. Robson!" he exclaimed, in just the voice that might have been expected from such a man—a quick, loud, decided voice that was pleasant in spite of being harsh—"I met Miss Gracie here at the door, and thought I'd do a little inspection. Morning Robson. Your servant, sir."

"Yours—Mr. Braud, I believe," said Devick, smiling.

"The same," was the reply; and he was about to add, "May I have the pleasure of knowing who I am addressing?" when Devick said, in the most calm and matter-of-fact manner, "You'll excuse me now, Robson. Mrs. Robson, Miss Robson, good-morning. No, no! my dear sir, don't come down to the door with me; I would rather not."

He was already at the door, through which he passed after a bow to the last comers; and before Robson could act, the visitor had passed through and gone.

"Mr. Devick—my landlord," said Robson, in a low constrained way, as he glanced at his daughter's companion, and then at his wife.

"I, Mr. Braud, sir?" said Mrs. Robson, quickly, in answer to a question; "much better, sir; oh, much better!"

"Then you don't look it," muttered the young doctor. Then aloud: "And you, Robson? You look as if you had been working too hard."

But his words were not heard, for Adam Robson was whispering in answer to his wife—

"I don't know. I saw his eyes half close as they came in together."

"But surely, surely, Adam, he would not be so cruel as that?"

"I don't know, my dear," said Robson, despondently; "we have made him a bitter enemy, and I fear the worst."

CHAPTER II.

IT IS DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH EDGED TOOLS.

CLERKENWELL is hardly the part of London that a man with good income would select for his residence, save on the grounds that it was what an estate agent would call eligible, and, of course, as every eye forms its own beauty, opinions are various as to eligibility.

It was evident that Rice Devick found Counter Street suitable to his purpose, or he would not have lived in the large, gaunt, dreary-looking house with dirty windows, iron railings that had set up a coat of rust and soot in despair of being ever again painted, and a huge, unswept area that suggested a bear-pit with dens running under the pavement.

In that neighborhood nearly every door-post had a series of bells that looked like organ tops, to be pulled out to play an air called "Misery;" and nearly every door had its bright brass plate; but No. 19 had no brass plate, only an enormous knocker, representing a lion's head with a ring in its jaws.

This knocker Rice Devick did not raise when he walked quietly and thoughtfully up to the door, for he had a small Brahma key in his hand, the application of which caused the great door to open silently, just wide enough for him to pass into a dingy, stone-paved hall, half lit by a ground-glass staircase window at the top of the first flight.

Devick closed the door and went to what had been evidently intended for the dining-room of the old house, whose door he opened with another Brahma key, and passed through a second brass-nail-studded green-baize door into a large, well furnished room with thick carpet—the abode evidently of a man of studious habits, for all round, and reaching nearly to the ceiling, were massive bookcases well packed with volumes, while piles and parcels were heaped upon chairs, side tables, and in places on the broad-corniced tops of the cases.

Even the broad mantlepiece supported a bookcase; but this one, like those facing the windows, was furnished with large glass doors.

On the library table, near the fireplace, there were a shaded lamp and writing materials; a great fourfold screen stood between the table and the door as if to shut off the draught, while, possibly for the sake of warmth, and to ensure quiet, the windows were double, and draped with heavy curtains.

By day it was a gloomy, depressing place, the air being dense, as if the windows were rarely opened, and a peculiar smell struck upon the nostrils—a strange mephitic odor, suggestive of acids and burning charcoal, as if chemical experiments were sometimes performed.

As soon as he turned and closed the door, the smooth, half-smiling countenance of Rice Devick changed, and with a savage curse, he threw himself into a great easy-chair.

"That's it, is it?" he said aloud; and his voice sounded strange in the great room. "The doctor, eh? Curse him! But we shall see."

He jumped up and went to a great bureau between the two windows, and took out a few papers tied neatly with red tape, and endorsed "Re Robson."

These he opened and examined for a few minutes, selecting three or four, which he placed in his pocket book, locked up the rest, and walked to the door to shoot an inside bolt.

This done, he crossed the room to a portion of the continuous bookcase in the corner nearest the fireplace, where he took out a couple of large quarto volumes, thrust his hand into the cavity left, and seemed to draw the shelf forward.

The result was that the case in one compartment turned round, as if one side were hinged on pivots, and displayed an opening like a closet, or the beginning of a passage closed by a door.

Devick stepped in, tried the door, shot a bolt at the top, stepped back, and taking hold of the side of the bookcase pressed it back into its place, when there was a soft click.

Then the two books were thrust into the vacancy, and the place was as it was before.

There was no possibility of anyone in the opposite houses seeing through the double windows, but Devick drew the curtains slightly and then went to the centre of the bookcase opposite the window—to a portion about eight feet wide, which projected a few inches before the rest, and was finished off by a couple of square pilasters at the angles.

Here he took hold of the edge of a bookshelf, pressed it sidewise to the right; the one above it he pressed to the left.

Then passing the broad central division he acted in a similar way on the other side, and in each case there was a click as of a metal bolt being shot, after which he removed a couple of books on each side and thrust in his hand.

To describe it seems a long process, but to Devick it was the work of a few moments, and then the two compartments of the bookcase opened slowly like enormously thick folding doors, the place where they separated growing wider, and then, just as it was showing a dark void, it disappeared, for there was a faint ting of a hammer striking upon a bell in the room, and Devick had thrust to the opening.

The books were replaced in a instant, and the bolt at the top of the false door was silently shot back as Devick said sharply—

"Well?"

"It is I," came in a muffled way from outside, telling how thick and close-fitting the doors must be.

Devick darted to the table, picked up a quill pen and dipped it in the ink, before going back to the door and opening it, to admit a tall handsome-looking woman of seven or eight-and-thirty, whose dark eyes glanced quickly round the room, and then in Devick's face.

She was well-dressed in black corded silk with a small white lace cap over her abundant black hair; and she would have been an extremely lady-like, beautiful woman but for a firm, pinched appearance about the lips, and a quick, furtive, distrustful look about the eyes.

"What is it?" said Devick, shortly. "I am busy."

"You are always busy when I want to speak to you," she said, while her fingers, on one of which was a wedding-ring, played nervously with the thick curls by her left cheek.

"Yes, and I am growing more busy every day. Say what you want and go."

"I told Marshall that you were so busy, and that you were out."

"Marshall!" cried Devick, with a start; and a curious look came into his eyes.

"Yes, and he said that he should come again; and if you were not here then, that he should come every hour till he had seen you."

An oath was upon Devick's lips, but he checked it, and said quietly—

"Well, I had better see him when he comes. Show him in here. I wonder what he wants?"

"Money," said the woman, with a laugh. "You know that."

"Stop! what are you doing?" said Devick, quickly, as his visitor drew forward a chair.

"I am going to sit down and talk to you till Edward Marshall comes."

"No, no! Go away now; I am busy. Another time."

"And another time—and another time—and another time," said the woman, with a bitter laugh. "No, Rice Devick, we will talk now. I have something particular to say."

"Well, say it then, and go," he replied, harshly. "Quick!"

The woman sat gazing at him, with her eyes glittering in the gloomy room, and as she spoke she turned the ring on her finger round and round perhaps intentionally—perhaps without thought.

"Well," cried Devick, "why don't you speak?"

"It takes time," she said, mockingly, and there was a pause. Then—"How is pretty young Grace Robson?"

He started slightly, in spite of his self-control, the attack was so sudden.

"I don't know what you mean!"

"Then I will tell you!" she cried, bending forward. "I am not going to argue whether by law I am your wife or no. You married me, Rice Devick, and I look upon you as my husband. Take care that you play no tricks with me, for I feel I should be a dangerous woman if roused, and one who would stop at nothing to maintain her rights."

"Are you going mad?" he said, fiercely; and he made a snatch at her wrist, but she struck his hand aside.

"Not yet!" she cried, rising, and with a sinister smile; "but if you attempt to supersede me with that pretty-faced doll, you will repent it to the last day of your life. Now you are warned."

"Why, what would you do?" he cried, in spite of himself.

"What would I not do?" she hissed. "You are a subtle man, Rice Devick, and know much, but you have never yet read a jealous, injured woman's heart, and if you do read it you shall shudder at its contents."

She crossed the room with the still silk she wore rustling softly, and then sounding harshly as she opened the door, against whose post it swept.

"Is there to be no end to my worries?" cried Devick, as soon as he was alone. "Curse the girl! Curse the woman! Curse Ned Marshall! More money! He had better mind, though! I am not the man to be played with, I tell him that."

He hastily unlocked the table drawer, took out a small pistol and cocked it.

"No," he said, shaking his head and

thrusting it back. Then reaching farther into the drawer, he drew out a short, broad-bladed, keenly-pointed knife, and, taking out his pocket-book, thrust the blade in between its folds so as to form a sheath.

"Self-defence," he muttered. "Ned knows how to be hasty."

Just then some one passed the window, whistling an Irish air, and as the sound came faintly through the double window Devick started up to listen.

"It is!" he said, in a whisper, as a single knock was heard at the door; and, going back in his chair, he drew it closer to the table, crossed the room quickly, and pressed back a catch in the door-lock, returned to the table, and seemed to be busy writing.

A minute later there was one sharp ring at the bell.

"Come in!" he said, without looking up, and the door opened.

"Mr. Marshall wishes very much to see you."

"Marshall! To be sure. Show him in please."

The rustling of the silk was heard more loudly as the woman withdrew; and then as Devick went on writing without raising his head there was a cough, and a tall, dissipated-looking man, prematurely bald, entered the room, and the door was closed behind him.

"How do, Ned?" asked Devick, without looking up. "Let me finish this letter, and I'll talk to you."

"All right sir, finish your letter; I can wait. I always did have to for you anyhow."

"Is that a joke, Ned?" said Devick, showing his teeth as he wrote away.

"No, and so you'll find," was the response. "Look sharp and finish that writing."

"I've done, my inconsistent friend," said Devick, smiling, as he blotted the paper on which he had been writing some incoherent words. "Now then, what can I do for you?"

"I want a hundred pounds."

"You want what?"

"A hundred pounds down now, and five pounds a week paid me regular, as long as I like. Do you understand?"

"I hear what you say,' replied Devick, in the most unruffled way, "but I fail to understand. Do you mean you want to borrow a hundred pounds?"

"No, I don't. I mean I want a hundred pounds as my rights out of the stuff you've had brought here by me and others for melting down, and unsetting, and working up, and the rest of it."

"My dear Mr. Marshall, what do you mean?"

"What I say—a hundred down and five pounds a week, or——"

"Or what?"

"I go straight to the police and let them know that Rice Devick, the highly respectable diamond broker, is one of the biggest receivers of stolen goods in London, and that if they come and search this house they will find everything I say is true. Now, then, what do you think of that?"

Devick's countenance did not lose its smile as he sat back in his chair and gazed at his visitor with half-closed eyes.

"I ought to turn upon you angrily, Ned Marshall," he said, quietly; "but I will not. Now take my advice and go home, and come and see me again, if you want a little help, some day when you have not been drinking."

"No; I shall settle with you now, Master Devick: I'm not so much gone that I don't know what I am saying."

"But you are talking nonsense, dear man!"

"I am speaking truth, and if I bring the police in they'll make a fine hand when they find your melting-pot and a few other things to which I can put them up. A hundred pounds I want; and look here, if you don't be pretty sharp about it, I shall want two hundred, and ten pounds a week sir."

Devick laughed.

"Look here, Ned," he said, "I never let people threaten me. If you want a few shillings to go on with, till you can do some business, say so, and I will advance it, as I always do with men who have had transactions with me."

"Whose swag you've taken and given them a trifle for. Now look here, I'm not going to stand any nonsense."

"The same here, Ned. What would Barnet Gedge or Tom Rickson say to you if they knew you had come here bullying and threatening the man who could give you fourteen years?"

"Fourteen years! Why, I could give you twenty-one, Mr. Dandy Devick. Now then, no nonsense! I've no time to waste. Hand over."

With quick movement he darted round the end of the table, and as Devick started up with a fierce flash from his eyes the man caught him by the throat and they struggled into the middle of the room, the thick carpet deadening the sound of their footsteps, and neither uttering a sound.

"There, I've got the best of you!" panted Devick's opponent at last. "I've got you now, Master Fence. You thought you were always going to keep me your slave, and that I'd no more spirit than a cur; now I'm going to show you the difference. Pay me what I ask, or I'll just drag you out of the house into the street and call—police!"

"Take your hand from my throat!"

"A hundred pounds!"

"Take your hand from my throat!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" said the man, with a chuckle. "You can't get to no bells, and you've told me yourself that nobody couldn't hear a shout from here if you called ever so loud. There, now I've got you safe, my lad—your'e out of training. That's it."

In the struggle that was going on, while the man panted out these words, Devick had been wrenched round by his antagonist who had contrived to force himself behind his victim, holding him with one arm round his neck in a tight grip, and so that Devick was bent down with his back bowed inwards.

"There, now I could tighten my hug and squeeze a couple of hundred out of you if I liked," said the man, with a chuckle; "but—Ah!"

It was a sharp, low, gasping cry, uttered as Devick snatched something from his breast, passed it into his left hand, and struck behind him with all his force.

In an instant the grip about his neck was loosened, and he recovered himself and turned fiercely upon his adversary; but only to draw back, for there, in the dim light, the man stood with outstretched hands grasping at vacancy, staring horribly the while, and then fell forward, Devick being just in time to catch him by the right arm and save him from falling with a heavy crash.

Ting!

Devick lowered his adversary to the carpet and darted to the door, trembling and ghastly white.

"Well!" he cried, hoarsely.

It was the voice of the woman that replied—

"The police are standing out at the door!"

CHAPTER III.

DOCTOR BRAND.

REALLY, Mrs Robson, I'm afraid that I shall have to give you up; but I beg pardon, Mr. Robson; I hope I have not come at an inconvenient time. Your visitor—I'm afraid I sent him away rather suddenly."

"Inconvenint? No, Mr. Brand, I—we are glad to see you," said Robson, in a dull, confused way.

"A little business matter," said Mrs. Robson, smiling, but with a very piteous expression of countenance. Then, making an effort to hide her trouble, she cried—

"Yes, I am quite well now, doctor; and we shall never be able to repay you for all your goodness and attention."

"Oh, yes, you will!" said the young doctor, looking wistfully at Gracie, who turned away her face and busied herself about some needle-work. But he crossed over to her, bent down, and said, gently, "May I speak to them?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Brand," she said, in a whisper; "it is impossible;" and she looked up with tears in her eyes.

"Impossible?" he whispered; "because you don't love me, and you feel that you never can?"

"Oh, no! I did not say that," she replied, half playfully.

"Then why is it impossible?" he said, tenderly. "Gracie, you know how, for months past, I have been loving you more and more every day. Come, you will give me leave to speak to them?"

Adam Robson looked at them with his lip quivering, and then glanced at his wife, whose lips moved as they said, silently—

"Perhaps it is all for the best."

There was a keen, quick look of joy in Grace Robson's eyes as she raised them to those of him who was so eagerly waiting for her answer; but they darkened directly as they became suffused with tears.

For she thought of their poverty at home; of her father's struggles; and the difference of position between her and the man whose attentions had grown since the day he was called in to her mother, four months ago; and, as if prophetic of troubles to come, something within made her shrink away as the young doctor tried to take her hand, and she bent down and began to sob.

Frank Brand's brow clouded a little, and he stood silent for a few moments, but only to throw up his head in a quick, eager way, as if tossing aside a trouble.

"Mr. Robson, Mrs. Robson," he said, turning to them, "you see what it is when a student and busy man turns lover. Look what I have done, and all through ignorance. I ought to have approached slowly and timidly, for fear of scaring some one here; instead of which I have blurted out my poorly-worded love-tale, and robbed it of all romance. Will you intercede for me? Will you two be my friends with Miss Grace here, and tell her dearly, and that, if she will be my wife, she shall have the true devotion of a man whose every thought shall be of her."

"But, Mr. Brand!" exclaimed Mrs. Robson.

"Ah!" he said, "you think I'm not good enough for her. It's quite true."

"No, no," exclaimed Mrs. Robson; "have you thought well of what you are saying, sir? We are very poor people, and you——"

"Yes," said Robson, raising himself from the troubled, dreamy state into which he had fallen—"yes, Mr. Brand, you are a gentleman, and my poor child is no match for you."

"True, Mr. Robson; true, my dear patient patient," said the young doctor, laughing. "You mean she is as rich as I am poor."

"No, sir: the other way on."

"Rubbish, my dear madam! Perhaps, at the present moment, I am a few pounds richer than friend Robson here, but how will it be when he has discovered his gold-saving process?"

"Ah! yes, when he has discovered it," said Mrs. Robson, with her lip quivering.

"Don't! For Heaven's sake, don't look at me like that, Hannah!" cried Robson, excitedly. "I tell you the time will come."

"I sincerely believe it will!" cried Brand in his bright, breezy way, which did a patient good the moment he entered a sick-room. "And then——well, you good people, don't you see the business-like cunning of my ways? I want to secure your promise at once, and be sure of my rich little wife."

"She'll never be any richer than she is, Mr. Brand," said Mrs. Robson, weeping silently.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Brand. "I do not wish her to be different. Come, I can say no more. Give me your consent."

Mrs. Robson shook her head very sadly, but her countenance changed as she saw her husband's stern look, and, laying her white hand upon his arm, she said, very softly—

"Adam, we two were once young."

"Yes, my dear wife, yes," he said very quickly; "but we were equals in position."

"As if that mattered!" cried Brand, warmly. "Besides, I am not a rich man, only a hard-working doctor, and a very hard-working one too. Ah! that is better," he cried, as Grace came to them, looking from one to the other in a troubled, startled way. "You are going to forgive my abruptness and take my side."

"I have nothing to forgive," said Grace, holding out her hand; "and my father and mother are right, Mr. Brand. Indeed I am most grateful to you, and feel—feel how much I owe you for the esteem, the——"

"Love, Grace," said the young doctor earnestly.

"For all you have shown me, Mr. Brand," continued the girl, with a sweetly ingenuous look in her eyes; "but don't ask me to say more now. They are right, Mr. Brand, and perhaps a year hence you may see matters in a different light."

"Never!" he cried, impetuously.

Grace shook her head.

"Let us wait," he said.

He held her hand so tightly that she winced as he gazed in her face.

"Grace," he said, sternly, "are you trifling with me? No, no!" he cried, "forgive me. It was a mad, jealous thought. But I am not the calm judicial doctor now; I am only the natural, loving man, and in that character I ask you plainly a simple question. Answer me frankly, and I will bear it—like a man."

He stopped, for his voice had grown very husky; but he made an effort over himself and said, calmly—

"It is a liberty to ask such a question, Grace Robson, but I want to know my fate. Forgive my rough bluntness, and answer me, my child, in the same frank spirit that I question you. Do you care for some one else?"

Grace colored for a moment, half affronted at the plainness of the question, but the next moment there was a dimpling about her cheeks, and she laughed a little silvery laugh that wanted no interpretation, it said so plainly, "How absurd!"

"That will do," cried Brand, heartily; "I am satisfied, and I will wait. No, only on one condition. Come, Mr. Robson, supposing that a certain lady should be willing, promise that when you have made your fortune you will not turn me over for some richer man."

"I will promise that for him, Mr. Brand," said Mrs. Robson, warmly. "Supposing that we ever did become anything better than the struggling people we are, no one here would ever forget one," cried Robson, warmly.

"Now, I ought to say I don't believe you," cried the doctor, cheerily, "because I have just shown you how to repay me a hundred times over. But there! what a selfish, sordid fellow I am! Grace," he continued, taking her hand, to raise it reverently to his lips, "I am going to wait patiently—hopefully—that some day you will lay this little hand in mine of your own free will and make me happiest of men. Till then I shall come often, as the doctor, to see my old patients, and to ask how the invention is getting on. By the way, Robson, any chemical apparatus I have is at your service. Good-bye."

He shook hands warmly, and had nearly reached the door, where he turned to say, half playfully but with a very serious undercurrent—

"I said I should come as the doctor. That was wrong. I shall come as the patient, asking to be cured."

He nodded and left the room, smiling, while Grace rushed away by the other door to indulge in the luxury of a hearty cry.

"Have we done right, Adam?" said Mrs. Robson, as soon as they were alone; "two proposals of marriage in one single day."

"Yes," he said, looking very old and bent and troubled as he turned to his work-bench. "How can we think of weddings with his debt hanging over us, and his proposals yet ringing in our ears?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence; it is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which this world forces us to wear in self-defense, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where the expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule.

GENIUS is the faculty of growth.

Bric-a-Brac.

DRINKING.—Glass drinking-cups have been found in Anglo-Saxon graves, and all are round-bottomed. Such cups could not stand upright, and they were so designed in order to cause the drinkers to empty them at once.

THE DAY AND THE TEMPER.—With the natives of Burmah it is a belief that people born on a Monday, are jealous; on Tuesday, honest; Wednesday, quick-tempered, but soon calm again; Thursday, mild; Friday, talkative; Saturday, hot-tempered and quarrelsome; while Sunday's children will be parsimonious.

THE MACHINEEL.—A poisonous tree which has an effect similar to that fabulously attributed to the famous upas-tree of Java grows in the "keys" south of Dayton, Florida. It is called the "Machineel." Any one taking shelter under it during rain, or sleeping under it when the dew falls, is sure to be poisoned.

BAGGING WILD-FOWL.—Birds as large as ducks are taken in Japan by a very ingenious process. The young shoots of the wistaria, which attain considerable length, and are strong, light, and flexible, are gathered, dried, and knotted together in one continuous length. This is smeared with bird-lime, and floated out to sea; in the morning the hunter is rewarded by the capture of several birds. It is a very inexpensive method of bagging wild-fowl, as the tackle will serve any number of times till the bird-lime dries, when it is easily replaced. There is no noise made in this kind of hunting to drive away the ducks, or to inform the neighbors of what is going on about the haunts of wild-fowls.

THE BLACK ART.—Printing used to be called the "Black Art," and the boys who assisted the pressmen were called "imps." As the story runs, Aldus Manutius, a printer of Venice, took a little negro boy, left behind by a merchant vessel, to assist him in his business. It soon got wind that the "imp" of Aldus was black, and a crowd gathered. Therefore, showing the imp, he said: "Be it known in Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and the Doge, have this day made a public exposure of the 'printer's devil.' All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him." Thus originated the term "Printer's Devil."

"FLOWERY" MARRIAGES.—Marriage in China is neither a civil nor a religious ceremony, no priest or any person in authority being present; the only witnesses are the family and friends. The scene is thus described by the author of 'The Chinese Painted by Themselves'—"In the middle of the drawing-room is a table, upon which have been placed a censer, fruits, and wine. In our idea this table is exposed to the sight of Heaven. The pair then prostrate themselves before the table to thank the Supreme Being for having created them, the earth for having nourished them, the emperor for protecting and their parents for educating them. Then the bridegroom presents his bride to the members of his family and to those of his friends who are present."

FLIES.—To convince householders that the small flies on their window-panes never grow to large ones—in fact, never grow at all—is a task of no little difficulty sometimes. The difference in size of flies is always the distinction of sex or species, but never of age. With the exception of the gradual unfolding of the crumpled wings, on change comes over the aspect of a fly from the moment of its birth from the chrysalis to that of its death. A big fly is no more a little fly grown up than a horse is an old pony or a goose a fully-developed duck. All the growth of a fly is accomplished in the maggot-stage; then a short period of somnolence as a smooth brown chrysalis intervenes, from which the young fly springs, like Minerva from the head of Jove, full-sized as well as fully armed.

THE DIABLOTIN.—Nothing more diabolical in the family of birds can be imagined than the gua chare, also called "diablotin," or devil bird, from the impression created by its appearance and habitat, says a Trinidad correspondent. One who has not seen the bird must portray to himself a fat oily-looking, round body, about the size of that of a duck, to which is fitted a telescopic neck carrying a small round-shaped head and a duck-like bill. An ungainly pair of small wings, seemingly out of proportion with the body, and two long, clumsy legs complete the visible parts. There is no tail, and the entire body is more or less divested of feathers and down, leaving unsightly spaces about the trunk and neck. To one who has seen it dead, its hideous aspect is increased tenfold by its living appearance.

OBTAINING A SUBSTITUTE.—A very good story is told of a young Canadian painfully conscious of an exterior scarcely worthy of his character. Accompanied by the young woman he had married, he stepped into a photographer's and drew the artist aside. He wanted their "pictures" taken, but had a special favor to ask. "Her folks," he exclaimed, "go a good deal on style. They never saw me, and if I send them my face they'll be dead agin me. I'm a sight better than I look, and when people come to know me they vote me a brick. Now, then, what do you say? Will you stand in? She's willing. Those big whiskers of yours 'll take them at once and create harmony. You look like a solid capitalist, and they'd take me for a petty larceny thief?" Of course the photographer could not refuse a favor so flatteringly proposed, and the distant relatives, no doubt in due time were gratified with his portrait side by side with that of the young lady.

AT MILKING-TIME.

The shadows softly fall around,
Cool vapors rise from the fragrant ground,
  As the cows come home with their bells a-chime;
The bullfrogs croak from the mossy pond,
And the owl trills soft not far beyond,
  At milking-time.

Looming up through the twilight clear
The cows are coming from far and near,
  Lowing, and blinking their kind, large eyes.
The heifer lightly springs through the gate,
But the old cow steps with a mien sedate,
  Stately and wise.

Then Hester comes, the pride of the farm,
With a bright milk-pail on each plump arm,
  And a cherry neck-ribbon brought from town,
She sits on the low stool round and neat,
And splashing and foaming, pure and sweet,
  The milk comes down.

Robert leans o'er the barnyard gate,
And what with their chatter the hour grows late
  As Hester I aughing and blushing red,
The old cow l ws in a warning mild:
"The night comes on, you must hasten, child;
  'Tis time for bed!"

The shadows lengthen, the lovers talk,
And the milk comes slowly, white as chalk,
  As the stars far up in the heavens climb;
And there in the fragrant evening dew
There's many a promise, and sweet kiss, too,
  At milking-time!

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

THE rest drew away from her, all but Lady Blanche, who remained where she stood at her side.

Lady Betty tore the envelope open, and glanced at the scrap of paper inside, then staggered against the balustrade with a faint cry.

Lady Blanche, without the slightest hesitation, took the letter from her hand and read it.

She did not stagger as Lady Betty had done; no cry escaped her lips: but they all noticed that she turned white to the lips, a deathly white, awful to see and remember.

For a moment she stood as if turned to stone, her eyes distended and fixed firmly on vacancy, her fingers clutching the scrap of paper.

For a moment only, then she looked round and in a low, hard voice, so unlike her usual smooth tones, said—

"Lord Norman has met with an accident; he is in great danger!"

There was a murmur of alarm and sympathy as the group gathered round Lady Blanche.

With a piteous cry Lady Betty held out her hand.

"Give me the letter! Oh! what shall I do? Poor Bruce! Poor Bruce! I can't read it!" she sobbed. "Will someone ——"

One of the gentlemen took it from her trembling hand and read it aloud.

Sir Joseph had written a few lines only, saying that Lord Norman had met with a serious accident, and that one or both of the medical men who were staying in the house was to come on to Scarfross with the necessary things.

He added in a postscript—"I need not exhort you to be careful not to alarm Miss Carlisle!"

As those words were read out, Lady Betty groaned and put her hands before her face.

"Oh! what is to be done?" she wailed. "Do you think he is killed?—no, not killed or they would not send for a doctor! Where is Doctor Greene?"

Someone set off to fetch the young doctor who was playing tennis, and came bounding on to the terrace alert and ready witted.

"What is to be done?" panted Lady Betty, who, like most of her class, was thrown into a complete state of helpless despair.

Suddenly a shiver ran through Lady Blanche's frame, and, as if she had recovered from an awful stupor, she turned to Doctor Greene.

"There is no time to lose," she said, in a low, hard voice. "Will you start at once, Doctor Greene? I will see that a conveyance follows you with anything you may order."

He glanced at her white set face approvingly.

"I will write a list of what I shall require," he said. Then, as he turned to hurry away, he stopped and looked round. "This Scarfross is a mere hut, quite solitary in the hills, is it not?—I mean there is not likely to be any women-folk, who could nurse Lord Norman?"

"It is simply a rough, hut-like place, in a perfect wilderness," someone quickly answered.

"Very well, then," he said, decisively: "someone you can rely upon had better come on after me in the carriage," he said, and ran off.

Lady Blanche stood for a moment, as if collecting all her mental and physical strength; then she went down the terrace and round to the stables.

There she found a couple of grooms wiping down Donald's poor horse, and trying to make him comfortable; and, seated on an upturned harrow, with a noggin of the best whisky in his hand, Donald himself.

The appearance of the "grand lady" in their midst flustered the men somewhat. She went up to Donald quickly.

"Will you tell me how the accident happened?" she asked.

Donald took off his glengarry, and told her in his rough, guttural, broken English—

"It was all for the lad's sake, me leddie; he gave his life—if so be the laird dies—for the young boy! Poor boy, he's almost daft over it, and well nigh broken-hearted! It was a noble thing to do, me leddie, and a sore sight to see so grand a man laying broken and bleeding. It's a strange thing too, me leddie, that Lord Bruce had a warning the night before! He could not sleep, and came to me to know if he could ride back here. Strange that were, now!" and Donald shook his head gravely, feeling convinced that Lord Bruce had received a direct "warning."

Lady Blanche listened with lowered lids and tightly-set lips.

"And—and do you think he will die?" she asked, hoarsely, each word leaving her white lips as if it hurt her.

Donald shook his head and took up his whisky.

"He's sore hurt," he said, grimly.

Lady Blanche put her hand to her heart as if she had received a dagger thrust; then she looked at the old man's rugged face with a fixed determination.

"Donald," she said, "a doctor—Doctor Greene—is going to ride out to Scarfross at once, and a carriage is to follow. Will you see about the horses? And, Donald, will you see that a lady's saddle is put upon one."

"And what for?" he demanded, staring at her.

"For me," she said, gently.

"For the leddie!" he exclaimed. "But it's no possible you'll be thinking of riding through the dark night to Scarfross ——"

"I am not only thinking of it, but I mean to do it," she said, calmly. "I am a good rider, and strong," she said. "If Doctor Greene can go, I can go! The night is not dark; Lord Norman is lying there without a woman near him——"

"Say no more, leddie," said the old man, doggedly. "I'll saddle a horse for ye, and what's more, I will ride back to Scarfross too."

Lady Blanche went back to the house without a word, and reaching her room, threw herself on her knees beside the bed and hid her face in her hands.

And this was her triumph, was it? It was for this that she had plotted and schemed, that the man she loved should be lying, dying out in a hut in the wilderness. Dying!

Oh, Heaven, if he should die before she could reach him, before she could see his face, touch his hand once more!

With a cry of despair she rose and began putting on her habit with feverish haste.

She had scarcely got it on than there came a knock at the door, and Lady Betty entered the room without ceremony.

She was dressed for the journey and was still trembling and shaking with agitation.

"Have you ordered the carriage, Blanche—" she said, then she stopped short and stared at her. "Why have you got your habit on? Where are you going?"

"I am going to Scarfross," said Lady Blanche coldly.

"To Scarfross? Why?" demanded Lady Betty. "Why should you go?"

"Because it pleases me," returned Lady Blanche, haughtily, but with a dangerous gleam in her eyes.

Lady Betty looked at her jealously.

"There is no occasion for you to go," she said. "I am going——"

"What is that to me!" said Lady Blanche turning on her suddenly with white face and flashing eyes. "What is it to me whether you are going or not! I am going!"

"But you cannot ride—in the night!" said Lady Betty. "Why not come in the carriage?"

"In the carriage!" scornfully. "Do you know how long it will take? Do you think I should keep sane while it dragged its way along? No, I am going to ride. I would walk if there was no other way. What is it to me who else is going. I am nearest him ——"

Lady Betty's eyes filled.

"You forget Floris, Blanche," she said kindly.

Lady Blanche winced as if she had been struck, then her face crimsoned and her lips parted as if for sudden breath.

"Floris—Floris Carlisle?" she said, with suppressed scorn and vehemence. "Yes! she may be nearer to him than I am. You taunt me with that, do you!" Where is she then? Why is she not here? Perhaps you do not know—but, yes, you do, as well as I! She has deserted him. And it is I—I who have loved him all through—who go to him now!"

And speechless—for what could she say? Lady Betty crept crying from the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN the little drawing-room of the cottage at Westbury Floris sat, with her head bowed upon her hands, looking into the fire.

A silence that could be felt brooded over the house; the old clock on the stairs, whose tick she could remember as far back as she could remember anything, even that had been hushed by sympathetic hands.

Motionless as a carved figure she sat, the fire-light falling fitfully on her pale face, showing like marble over the deep black dress.

A week had passed since she left Ballyfloe and that long night journey, and she was now alone in the world.

To the poor weak, tired mother the long day of peace and rest had come, and the girl who at this moment needed her more sorely than she had ever needed her, was motherless and solitary.

Alone! alone!

All day long the word seemed to echo dully in her benumbed heart, until she longed, like the psalmist of old, for the white wings of death to bear her to her mother's side.

And yet friends had been very good to her—the friends of her old past girlish life had done their very best, but how poor is the very best that can be done in such an hour!

No sympathy, however tender and thoughtful, can lighten the darkness of the hour of bereavement, or take off the keen edge of the great trouble.

One gleam of consolation alone pierced the gloom, and that was the knowledge that she had been in time to see the poor mother before she died—in time to hear her very last words and receive her last blessing.

There had scarcely been time for more than that, and Mrs. Carlisle had died in the full and comforting assurance that she should leave Floris with a happy future before her.

Almost her last words had been of Lord Bruce, and her belief that he would make Floris happy; almost her last thoughts had been of the glorious future that awaited her as Countess of Norman.

And Floris could not summon heart to tell her the truth—could not find strength to destroy the comfort the poor dying woman drew from the conviction that her child would be provided for.

And now, as she sat looking into the fire with dry, burning eyes, Floris was thinking of him and the brief happy past.

Through all the week she had been expecting some word from him.

It could not be anything that would not add to her misery, for what could he say that would explain away what she had seen that fateful morning?

But still she had expected and longed for it.

She had thought that he would write one line, perhaps, admitting his guilt and imploring her forgiveness; and she would have sent him her pardon and wished him all happiness.

But no line had come—no, not a single word.

If he had died—if they had both died—the silence between them could not have been more complete!

There was no friendly spirit to tell her that in that moment he was lying between life and death in the vast solitude of the hills, unconscious of anything—ignorant of all that happened to her and to himself!

To her his conduct seemed black as night black as the sorrow that had befallen her; and in her heart echoed the dreary word, "alone!"

So she sat in the red firelight, letting the hours slip by with weary feet, so lost to the world that when the servant stole in with hushed footsteps and spoke to her, she did not hear her.

The girl came up and touched her with pitying respect.

"A gentleman—Mr. Morrel, miss," she said.

And Mr. Morrel came in.

Floris rose to receive him, and held out her white hand.

The little lawyer took it and looked at her with a sympathetic pity, which was so strange an emotion to him that it made him quite embarrassed.

It is to be presumed that even middle-aged attorney retain a sense of the beautiful and the lovely young face, never lovelier than now in its clear pallor, and with the sad, wistful light in the eloquent eyes, touched him deeply.

"I am sorry to intrude at so late an hour, Miss Carlisle," he began; but Floris stopped him with a faint smile.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Morrel. I was getting very——lonely."

"Yes, yes," he said, in his old sharp way. How well Floris remembered it on the occasion when he came with Lord Norman's offer. "No doubt—dreadful loss."

"For me, yes," said Floris, bravely, and with a steadfast look in her eyes; "but not for—for—my mother. You were a kind friend to her, Mr. Morrel," she added, with that gentle sweetness which atoned for much of her pride, and was the secret charm which bewitched all who came in contact with her.

"No, no, all in the way of business, Miss Carlisle: nothing more, I assure you," he responded, hurriedly. "Always found your poor mother anxious to avoid giving trouble and—and—might I ring for a light for you?"

"Thanks," said Floris. She had grown so used to the grim darkness that had surrounded her that she had become enamored of it. The girl brought the lamp, and Mr. Morrel sat down and fidgeted with his gloves. Out of respect for Floris he was dressed in mourning and had thought fit to don a hat-band which would have been considered deep enough for the loss of his own father!

Floris had asked for some tea, and she gave him a cup now as simply and quietly, almost as cheerfully, as she had done months ago.

There are some proud natures who, like the Spartan boy, will hide the fox that gnaws at their heart, and Floris was one of them.

"Will you take some more sugar? I am sorry there is no cream."

"Don't mention it, Miss Carlisle," he said. Her fortitude amazed him, and pleased him too, for he was going to try it to its utmost. "When I was here last, Miss Carlisle," he said, coughing and shewing, "I promised to look into the late Mrs. Carlisle's affairs, and—ahem!—I have done so."

"Yes?" said Floris. She had sunk into the easy chair and sat looking at him, her lovely eyes dreamily fixed on his dry, wrinkled and not unkindly face. "Yes, you have been very kind, Mr. Morrel; I do not know what I should have done without you."

"Not at all, not at all!" he said, waving his hand deprecatingly. "All in the way of business, miss. Only did my duty. I was your father's legal adviser before you were born; in fact, I have had the Carlisle business in my hands ever since I entered the glorious profession of the law."

Floris inclined her head; though her eyes were fixed on his, her thoughts were wandering miles away—to Ballyfloe, to Lady Betty, to Bruce—ah yes, to Bruce!

"I don't suppose anyone knew more of the great lawsuit, Norman versus Carlisle, than I did!" he went on, sipping his tea. "A wonderful lawsuit—and wonderfully—most romantically concluded!" and he bowed to Floris.

Her face flushed for a moment at the name of "Norman," then went pale again. Romantically concluded indeed! If he could but have guessed how romantically, even the dry old lawyer as he was would not have been so complacent.

"But to return to the business in hand," he said, with a little cough. "I have been going into the late Mrs. Carlisle's affairs, and I am sorry to say that they have not proved as satisfactory as I could desire, no, not nearly as satisfactory," and he shook his head.

Floris turned her sad, wistful eyes upon him for a moment.

She had no idea as to where his words were drifting.

Since her mother's death there had been one or two interviews, in each of which he had talked and she had listened, but understanding little or nothing.

"I am very sorry," she said, more for his sake than her own.

"Yes, so am I. I had hoped that, upon examination, the estate would have come out pretty flourishing. It was rather a confused and tangled business—the lawsuit had entailed a great loss, and there were several mortgages; but I had hoped that we should have been able to clear them off—I am afraid I don't make myself plain," he broke off, for Floris's gaze had settled on the fire again, with a far-off expression.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said, meekly. "Yes, I understand. You mean that I am not as—rich as you thought I should be?"

He looked at her curiously.

"Exactly; that is what I was trying to convey, Miss Carlisle. The estate has been so much encumbered and entangled that your mother scarcely knew how she really stood."

"Poor mamma!" murmured Floris slowly.

"And having gone into matters I find that the prospect is not nearly so inviting as it should be," he continued, smoothing out his gloves and frowning at the tea cup.

Floris watched him with listless attention.

"To add to our difficulties," he resumed, having arranged his gloves to his satisfaction, "the principal mortgage has chosen this particular time to foreclose. He could not have chosen a worse, because property is at a very low ebb in the market, and a sale would not do more than realise a half of the money lent. I am afraid I scarcely make myself understood?"

"Yes, oh, yes," said Floris, calmly.

But in truth she did not realise all that his legal phraseology implied.

"I have endeavored to persuade him, the principal mortgagee, to waive his claim to foreclose, but I have not succeeded. He wants the money, and in simple language, Miss Carlisle, he must have it."

"Yes, oh, yes," said Floris again.

"Therefore it will be necessary, indeed inevitable, that the estate should be sold."

"Yes," said Floris. "Please sell it all—all but the cottage. I would like to keep this and live here."

Poor Mr. Morrel coughed and knit his brows.

They say that lawyers always dread having dealings with female clients, they are so long in understanding exactly how the land lies; and certainly Floris was long in understanding.

"But, my dear Miss Carlisle," he said, leaning forward; "I am afraid this cottage must be sold."

It had come at last!

Floris sat up and looked at him.

"The cottage must be sold! But—but Mr. Morrel, I wish to live here. I wish to live here as—as my mother did!"

He frowned and brushed an imaginary crumb from his coat sleeve.

"I am very sorry, but I am afraid this cottage must be sold, Miss Carlisle. Of course I am aware that placed as you are, this is merely a matter of arrangement. You are to be, if you are not now, the possessor of immense wealth, and you can buy the cottage for yourself."

"I don't understand," said poor Floris slowly.

Mr. Morrel grew desperate.

"In one word, Miss Carlisle, we find that your mother's estate, if sold, will barely

pay off the mortgage upon it, and—and that if you were not the betrothed of Lord Norman you would be penniless."

Floris rose, white and calm, dreadfully calm.

"What! What did you say?" she asked, very quietly.

Mr. Morrel, driven into a corner, "pulled himself together."

"That is the simple English of it, Miss Carlisle," he said. "We find that the liens on the estate are so great that to meet them everything must be sacrificed."

Floris stood, leaning her hand on the table.

"But—but there is my own money!" she said faintly.

Mr. Morrel wagged his head.

It was certainly hard work having to do business with a lady, and a young one especially.

"You forget Miss Carlisle, that your own little fortune went in paying the costs of the last lawsuit between you and Lord Norman," he replied.

She shuddered at the sound of the name.

"Then — then I am penniless?" she said.

He smiled.

"Well, yes, if you put it as bluntly as that, you are," he said. "But," and he smiled unctuously, with quiet enjoyment, "that is a small matter to the future Countess of Norman!"

Floris turned deathly pale, but her eyes never left his face.

"Mr. Morrel," she said, quietly and calmly, "you are laboring under a misapprehension. I am not the future Countess of Norman."

"Not—not—not the future—but, my dear Miss Carlisle, all the world knows of your engagement!"

"All the world knew of it, perhaps," said Floris, steadily, though her eyes wavered and her lips quivered. "But not all the world, it seems, knows that the engagement is broken off."

"Broken off!" he exclaimed, staring through his spectacles aghast at her words. "Do you mean to say, Miss Carlisle, that you are not engaged to marry Lord Norman?"

Floris shook her head. His amazement and consternation almost amused her.

"Yes," she said, "the—the engagement is broken off, Mr. Morrel. You must not take Lord Norman into your calculations."

"But that is just what I have been doing!" he said, solidly. "I was under the impression that nothing mattered very much, seeing that you were betrothed to the earl, and that—that in short,—good Heavens, my dear young lady, how did this happen?" and the poor man rubbed his knees in a state as nearly approaching agitation as a lawyer permits himself.

In her despair and misery Floris laughed actually laughed.

"What does it matter?" she said. "Results are all you lawyers care for, Mr. Morrel, and I have given you the result. There is no engagement between Lord Norman and myself. It ceased before—before my mother's death."

"Great Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Dear me! good gracious! Then—then you are actually penniless!"

She smiled.

"Yes, I suppose so," she said, so calmly that he stared at her. "It sounds very dreadful, but I suppose it is not so bad as it sounds."

He was silent for a moment, then he said, almost to himself—

"Lord Norman would refund her private fortune."

She heard him and turned upon him almost fiercely.

"Mr. Morrel, let us understand one another," she said. "If you think of asking any favor from Lord Norman, cast aside the idea at once. I would rather die than accept a crust of bread from him," her voice grew thick and heavy. "Put all thought of Lord Norman out of your mind. Think of me as simply Floris Carlisle; penniless, if you like—but beholden to no man."

He looked at her as she stood erect in front of the fire, and his thoughts went back to the evening long ago when she had written her note of defiance to Lord Norman's offer.

He shook his head.

"Think what might be done in that quarter," he commenced, but she interrupted him.

"Mr. Morrel, you are my lawyer, not his—"

"Certainly.

"Then I forbid you—forbid you, remember—to communicate with him. Let happen what may; let them sell the house over my head—the very chair I have sat upon; let them do what they will and can, but do not think I will permit you to apply to Lord Norman!"

"My dear young lady," he pleaded—"a lover's quarrel."

"Yes," she said, with a wild, despairful smile, "it is a lover's quarrel, if you like, Mr. Morrel; but it will last a lifetime!"

The poor man did not know what to say or do.

He had been comforting himself with the reflection that although the Carlisle estate had disappeared, it mattered little seeing that she was to marry Lord Norman and become Countess of Norman; and now she had said that it was not to be.

He got up as bewildered and flustered as ever he had been in his life.

"May I ask, Miss Carlisle," he said, "what you intend to do?"

She looked at him vaguely.

"I do not know yet," she said, speaking as bravely as she could; "but I will let you know as soon as I know myself. At any rate, I must leave here," and she looked round with a sigh.

Mr. Morrel drew a long breath.

"Miss Carlisle," he said, "I am an old man, or nearly so, and—and I have no one to consider but myself. If—if you will allow me to offer you any assistance—I have been connected with your family for many years, and have reaped substantial benefit from the connection—I say if you will allow me to offer you——"

Floris put out her hand. For the first time her eyes filled with tears.

"No, no!" she said. "I—I cannot accept that. I am young and strong—oh, I am very strong!—and I can fight my own way. There are so many things a woman can do now, and I shall find something. But I am very grateful—very. I—I—will you go now, please? I am feeling tired and upset."

He took up his hat and held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Miss Carlisle. I should feel very much obliged if you would write to me if you want any assistance. I—er—bless my soul, this is very sad!" and blowing his nose he got out of the house.

When one is suffering from two such sorrows as had befallen Floris, one does not think much of a third. It would seem as if the human soul were capable of so much misery and no more; and that when the limit has been passed, all that happens afterwards is borne in a happy-go lucky frame of mind that may be despair or the indifference of actual exhaustion.

Floris had thought that she would be permitted to live on the rest of her life in the seclusion of the cottage; but if it was not to be, well it was not to be, and there was an end of it.

The wide world lay before her, helpless and friendless, and she faced it with a touch of the old pride of self-reliance which had always distinguished her.

Over the falseness of her lover and the death of her mother she had shed many tears, but over the loss of her money she had scarcely expended a sigh.

Mr. Morrel, who came down almost daily, was astounded at the calmness she displayed.

Over and over again he begged her to try and think if there was not some friend to whom she could apply for help, some relation to whom she could go; but Floris always shook her head with a faint smile.

"I have no one to whom I could apply," she said. "As to friends,—" she thought of Lady Betty with a sigh.

She could not go to her. She could not hold any communication with her, for if she did so, she might be brought in contact with Lord Norman, and that would be worse than death by starvation. There were friends in Worthing, old friends of her mother who would have helped her, but Floris had persistently refused to see them. They were all dying of curiosity to know why the engagement had been broken off, and they would ask questions and torture her beyond endurance.

"No," she told him, "there was no friend of whom she could ask assistance."

"I think you are very—excuse me, Miss Carlisle,—very proud!" said poor Mr. Morrel in despair, and Floris had looked at him absently.

"Ah I?" she said, with the same faint smile. "Perhaps I am. I used to be proud, at least they used to call me so, and perhaps I am so still. But I am not afraid, I am young, and strong, and there must be something in the big world for me to do."

"Yes," he assented. "You are young—I don't know about strong, and you are—" he was going to say "beautiful" but stopped himself in time with his dry little cough.

"I cannot go as a companion again," said Floris, with a trace of sudden color on her face. "They would want references, and I cannot give these."

The lawyer looked distressed. He knew nothing of what had happened up in the Highlands; something, dreadful it must have been, he thought, to bring about so sudden and complete a separation between her and Lord Norman, and to make her so determined to hold no communication with her recent friends.

"I don't see what you are to do; indeed I don't" he said, in sad perplexity.

"There must be something," responded Floris.

"If you only allow me to be your banker—" he stammered—"I mean until brighter days——"

But Floris shook her head.

"No, no," she said. "I cannot do that. You know I cannot; though I am very, very grateful. If—if I could find some work out of England—" she murmured.

The little lawyer caught at once at the suggestion.

"But why out of England, my dear young lady?" he asked.

Floris's eyes drooped, and her lips quivered.

"Because I would like to leave England—for ever, if I could," she said, quietly. "How long may I remain here—at the cottage, I mean?

"Only a fortnight at the utmost," he said, reluctantly.

"So soon?" she said, sadly.

"You could remain altogether, if you liked," he responded. "If you would allow me, I should be glad to purchase the cottage and—and advance you enough money to start a school. I am sure"—with something approaching to eagerness—"that you would soon be able to repay me."

But Floris shook her head as decidedly as ever.

"You must not think of that, Mr. Morrel. Even if I could accept your kindness, it would be thrown away; I am not out out for a school-mistress. I don't know enough to teach half the things girls require now-a-days. Besides; no! I could not do that. There must be something else, surely. Do you think—I know how good you are, and how anxious you are to help you—do think I could see some of the foreign newspapers? There might be an advertisement which I could answer."

Mr. Morrel nodded almost energetically, and seized on the idea eagerly. At each visit he had become more interested in the beautiful young girl who seemed so friendless and helpless in the midst of her sorrow.

Only a fortnight! It was not long in the midst of her sorrow.

Only a fortnight! It was not long in which to find a niche for herself—a few feet of standing room in this vast world, so crowded and jostled!

A week passed, during which she did not go outside the house, excepting into the garden, in which she walked with drooping head and listless step, thinking over the past which seemed so long ago and yet was so recent.

People called, people who would have been glad to help her, but she shrank from seeing them, and they were told one and all by the little servant that Miss Carlisle was too unwell to see anyone.

At the end of the week Mr. Morrel came down, and Floris saw by his face that he had something to communicate.

He put a small bundle of papers on the table as she shook hands, and nodded curtly as he scrutinized her face through his glasses.

"You are looking better, Miss Carlisle," he said, in his sharp fashion. "That's right! I was almost afraid to come down, your pale face so—so upset me! But there, we'll hope things are taking a turn, eh? You are still resolved to go out and seek your fortune, like a female Whittington?" and he smiled.

"I don't want to be a Lord Mayor of London, if that is what you mean!" she said; and there was a touch of her old naivete in the reply that made him laugh and nod with satisfaction.

"Very good, very good indeed! Well, if you are still resolved, I think I have heard of something that might suit you."

And he began to untie the tape round his bundle.

Floris's face flushed slightly; hope, which springs eternal in the human breast, up in hers.

"It was a very curious thing," he said, sorting his papers methodically; "but life is made up of curious things. Talk of fiction being stranger than reality! It's downright nonsense! I assure you, my dear Miss Carlisle, that a lawyer meets with far stranger things in the course of his professional experience than any you young ladies read of in your novels."

"I daresay," said Floris, smiling. "Have you discovered that I am the long-lost daughter of an earl who is longing to claim me, or has an uncle in the East Indies, of whom I have never heard, left me an enormous fortune?"

He laughed; he was immensely pleased to see her in this frame of mind, little guessing how little of it was real or affected so that his kind heart should not be distressed by the continual spectacle of her sorrow!

"No no!" he said, "I wish it was. But this is what it is. By the way, do you know anything about flowers?"

Floris opened her great, sorrowful eyes with faint astonishment.

"Botany and that kind of thing?" he explained.

Floris shook her head.

"No; I am afraid not."

"Hem!" he muttered, rather discouraged; then he brightened up again.

"But that doesn't matter, I think," he said, briskly.

"After all, you could soon learn——"

"Learn botany, the science of flowers!" exclaimed Floris, almost inclined to think that the incessant worry on her behalf had turned the little man's brain.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "why not? Nothing very difficult in it, I should think, for a clever young lady like yourself."

"I am about the stupidest girl; Mr. Morrel, even your professional experience ever met with," she said, with a smile.

He smiled and chuckled.

"I don't believe there is anything you couldn't learn," he said, confidently.

"You haven't told me why you asked me if I understood flowers," said Floris gently, bringing him back to the point.

"This is the reason," he said, setting himself in his chair. "When you spoke to me the other day of wanting to get out of England, and trusting there might be some advertisements in the foreign newspapers, I thought there was a good idea in the suggestion, so I went to a friend in London, who knows all about the Continent and speaks half-a-dozen languages, and got him to hunt through some of the papers," and he laid his hand on the bundle on the table.

"Well, my friend sent me round one or two advertisements that he thought might suit, and I looked over them. Most of them were for English governesses. I didn't think they would suit you."

Floris sighed.

"I am so fearfully ignorant!" she said.

"Exactly—No, no, I didn't mean that! Well, there was one that was not for a governess, but a very strange advertisement. I'll read it to you."

He took up the paper and read aloud,—

"Wanted, an English lady to assist a lady in the preparation of a book on botany and the management of rare flowers.

"The advertiser requires a good copy ist, and not necessarily a lady fully acquainted with botany. Address X. Y. Florence."

Floris's heart sank, and she sighed.

"Now, wait a moment," he said, holding up his hand. "I thought it might suit you, so I wrote and got particulars before I troubled you with it."

Floris's eyes glanced upon him gratefully.

"And the particulars were satisfactory. Here they are," and he took up a letter and read it.

"You see she wants a young lady, a lady by birth, and she is more particular about that, and that the young lady should write a good hand, than that she should be skilled in plants.

"Now you are a lady by birth, Miss Carlisle, and if you will allow me to say so, you write a remarkable hand!"

"Well?" said Floris, eagerly.

"Well, I wrote and told her so, and asked for more particulars and references, of course. The references came, and I found them extremely satisfactory. I then gave her some few particulars respecting yourself, and, in short, I accepted the situation for you on condition of your agreement. The salary is not a large one, but there will be a comfortable home, and Florence is a beautiful place, I am told. Never was out of England myself, and don't want to be!" he jerked in; "but still, it's a beautiful place, and most ladies are fond of flowers, why——"

Floris's eyes filled.

"You have been very good to me, Mr. Morrel. When you asked me the other day whether I had any friends, I ought to have replied, 'Yes; one very, very kind and true one!' And have you really got the situation for me?"

"Yes," he said, huskily; "that is, if you like to take it. You shall look over the papers and decide. The work will not be hard; you will have to do some copying and write from dictation,—I should buy a work on botany and study it on the journey, if I were you,—and from what I hear, I think you would find Mrs. Sinclair a very nice lady. Now don't say a word, but look over the letters while I take a cup of tea."

Floris took the letters to a side table and read them.

As Mr. Morrel had said, they were very satisfactory. The salary was not large, but ample for her poor wants, and there would be a comfortable home.

But the greatest attraction in the offer for her was the fact that, if she accepted, she could get away from England.

Florence too! How often she had read of it and longed to see it! Florence! A pang shot through her heart for a moment, as she remembered that it was one of the places Lord Norman had often talked of taking her to when they were married—When they were married! Alas, alas!

Mr. Morrel, who was watching her, saw her lip quiver.

"There, there," he said. "Don't think any more about it, if you don't like the idea. Something else will be sure to turn up."

Floris rose and went up to him.

"Nothing could turn up better than this," she said.

"Then you will go?" he said.

She hesitated a moment.

"It is a long way from England!" he said.

"Ah, that is the greatest inducement to me!" he responded. "Yes, I will go, Mr. Morrel."

And so unconsciously, she drew the chain that bound her to the past a link closer.

All unknown to herself, and unguessed at, there awaited her at Florence the most eventful chapter of her life's history!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN AZTEC CHIEFTAIN'S FUNERAL.—"Amongst the Aztecs," says the writer of Prehistoric America," "when a chief died, the body was covered with precious stones. While one of the attendants was dressing the body, others were cutting up bits of paper, taking care to give to each one a particular form, and placing them on the body.

A priest poured water upon the head of the deceased, repeating the words sacred to the funeral rite, after which he presented the corpse with various papers.

"'With this,' he said to him, 'thou wilt be admitted to cross the defile between the two mountains; with this second thou wilt avoid the great serpent; with this third thou wilt put to flight the alligator; with this fourth thou wilt successfully cross the eight great deserts and the eight hills.'

"The mantles were intended to protect the dead from the winds, as cutting as obsidian, which he would meet with by the way.

"A little red-haired dog was then killed, a lead of cotton was put round his neck, and he was buried near the deceased.

"This little dog had the important duty of guiding his master, and helping him to cross the Chiuenahuapan, or nine torrents; it is not difficult to see in this an allusion to the nine firmaments in which souls were to sojourn during their successive migrations.

"Slaves and concubines were generally immolated at the funeral of a chief; their duty was to serve him during the formidable passage from one firmament to another."

THEY who are naturally cool, and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or by great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

DAISIES AND DEW.

O, love, when the morning is breaking,
And the daisies are white in the dew—
When the passionate sorrow of waking
And the pang of remembrance is new—
O, loyal, and loving and tender,
Can you hear me and answer, Aline,
With the breadth of Eternity's splendor
Between your freed spirit and mine?
Where knocking and waiting, unbidden,
I weary the long night for you,
At the door whose dim threshold is hidden
Under the daisies and dew!

Like a breath of the summer times olden,
The lost winds of Eden have blown;
From the years that are distant and golden,
The scent of the sweet-briar is strown;
Love, is the light shadow that passes,
The fleeting caress I divine,
The stir of your foot in the grasses,
The touch of your soft hands, Aline?
Ah, no! you can come to me never!
But I, love, may journey to you
Thro' the green doors that shut us forever
Under the daisies and dew!

A Wife's Martyrdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

THE question of marriage with Gladys was banished, so far as it concerned him; but he never lost an opportunity of seeking her society and of lamenting the barrier between them.

He was not true enough to feel grieved that she loved him, but seemed only to delight in the conquest he had made.

All evidence of pain that he read on the girl's face was regarded by him as a tribute to his power.

Yet, in his selfish way, he loved her very dearly.

This morning, when he heard that Lady Kinloch was away from home, he hastened to Loch House, and found Gladys there, and alone.

She looked so charming, and he read such love for himself in her eyes, that it was almost more than he could do to restrain himself from asking her there and then to be his wife; but the conversation interested him, and he wished to see this Lady Rooden whose beauty was as fascinating as her fortune.

If all that Gladys told him were true, he could do nothing better than win her for himself.

Not that he should ever love her—so long as the world held Gladys Rane, he should care most for her; but, if he could woo and win the mistress of Rood Abbey, he could afterwards fashion his future as pleased him best.

He need never let Gladys Rane pass out of his life; he could retain his friendship for her.

His mind was filled with these thoughts as he left her.

He had not seen Lady Rooden; but he felt that it would not be an impossible task to win her—for he was not ignorant of the many advantages in his favor.

He was handsome, with the gay debonair bearing that women love, he had laughing blue eyes, lips always ready to smile, a frank fair face that at first sight charmed every one.

Only keen readers of character detected how much of cruelty and selfishness lay beneath the mask of the handsome features.

He had the manner which most women love—suave, caressing, grateful. The slightest word he uttered had a charm which few could resist; yet the same melodious voice could be coarse and almost brutal when he chose.

He had the art which some people exercise to perfection.

When he was talking, he gave the person with whom the conversation was held the idea that his whole being was for the time engrossed in his companion.

If he paid compliments to a pretty woman, she seemed, while present, to be the one object for which he existed. If he argued with a scholar, his whole soul seemed to be in his words.

It was a manner that won him many friends and flattered every one with whom he came into contact.

He therefore felt no particular anxiety with regard to the success of his wooing. He knew the value of a handsome face and a fine figure, of a winning tongue and a courtly, graceful manner.

He knew even the value of his own reputation—that it was something to have run through two large fortunes, and to be still regarded as one of the most dashing and fashionable men in London.

All that would tell in his favor, he believed. Then, again, he knew himself to be a most excellent match for a woman who had money.

He held a high position in society; he belonged to a good old family; he had that seal and stamp of fashion which are of much more value even than good birth or money.

Every one seemed to be talking of Lady Rooden and her daughter that evening. He went to his club, the Royal, and found they were the topic of conversation there.

Nothing so interesting, nothing so strange had been discussed for some time, a mother beautiful and fair as her own most beautiful child, a child in grace and loveliness the rival of her own mother.

The discussion was at its very height when Wynyard entered the large smoking-room.

"I think all London has gone crazy about the new beauties," he remarked. "Ashton," he continued, turning to one of his most intimate friends, "you were at the Embassy ball last evening. Did you see them?"

"Yes; they were both there—Lady Rooden and her daughter."

"Which was the belle?" slowly asked Wynyard.

"I could not tell you. I have never seen two women so perfect. The old comparison of a rose and a rosebud is weak. No one would believe them to be mother and daughter; they are like younger and elder sister—the daughter so slim and graceful, the mother tall and stately. There is not such another pair in London.

Wynyard looked up anxiously.

"They are rivals then?" he slowly remarked.

"Yes and no," was the answer. "The mother seems devoted to the girl, and the girl worships the mother."

"Plenty of admirers, I suppose?" queried the ex-Captain.

Mr. Ashton laughed.

"Every man in the room was an admirer, more or less," he replied.

"Any one in particular?" asked Wynyard.

"The Duke of Ellamont seemed quite charmed."

"With whom—mother or daughter?" was the next question.

"The mother. You will not understand uncommon beauty until you see them. Lady Rooden is most at home in a ball-room; you can see that she is a brilliant member of society, that her true place is the world of fashion. But one glance at the daughter's face tells quite another story. There you discern a sweetly ingenuous nature and a poetic soul. The girl's dress was all white lace and white lilac; and I never noticed before what a lovely flower white lilac is."

"Should you think there is any prospect of the mother remarrying?" asked Wynyard.

"Yes, I should think it is almost certain; and I think I can guess who the man is who will marry her."

"Who is he?" asked the ex-Captain anxiously.

"The one who flatters her most," laughed Mr. Ashton; "he will be the one to win her. That is her ladyship's weak side."

"You soon found it out," said Wynyard. "Most ladies have something of the same weakness, I think."

"I should not like to be the man who tried to flatter Miss Rooden," continued Mr. Ashton. "One look from her pure eyes would extinguish all flattery."

"You admire the daughter most?" queried Wynyard quickly.

"Yes, I think I do. I have met women like Lady Rooden, but never one like her daughter."

Neither billiards nor cards had any charm for Vance Wynyard that evening; he was unusually thoughtful and engrossed. If he sighed at times, it was because memory brought to him vividly the beautiful, sorrowful face of Lady Rane.

CHAPTER IV.

ROOD House, the town mansion of which Sir Charles had been so proud, was situated in one of the most charming parts of Kensington.

It was a house that combined the advantages of town and country.

The beauty of rippling green foliage surrounded it; tall spreading trees sheltered it; flowers of brightest hue grew in the gardens.

A very long grass lawn lay at the back of the mansion, with a number of fine old trees.

No country garden could have looked greener and fresher than did the garden at Rood House. Angela Rooden was delighted with it.

To her it was a matter of indifference that Lady Rooden spent a small fortune in refurnishing and redecorating the house until it was one of the most perfect in town; but she could not tolerate the thought of change being made in the garden.

Traveling through the loveliest lands in Europe had only made England the dearer to her.

She had seen the fairest cities in Italy, she had lingered by the shores of the sunny Mediterranean, she had gazed in wonder at mighty mountains the summits of which pierced the clouds, on picturesque German rivers, fair Swiss valleys and lakes; but, after all, to her there was no place like England.

When she returned to the old ivy-clad Abbey, she felt that it surpassed in beauty anything they had seen in their travels, and, above all, it was home.

Lady Rooden and her daughter had been absent from England considerably more than four years.

They had lived for some months in Spain, longer in France, longest in Italy. They had been up the Rhine, they had explored quiet German towns, they had visited Switzerland, they had loitered in Florence and Milan, Rome and Venice; but Angela Rooden found the sweetest and the greatest beauty in her quiet English home.

The governess, Miss Aveland, had accompanied her pupil through all her travels, the result of which was that Angela's education had been neglected for a single day; and on her return to Rood Abbey she was able to speak French and German with great fluency.

For over four years mother and daughter led this pleasant wandering existence, and then Lady Rooden began to feel a longing for home.

The first bitterness of her grief had begun to abate, and she told herself that she had mourned her husband well and sincerely.

He had been most devoted, and his loss was an irreparable one to her; but she was still young and beautiful, and, as her sorrow died, all her love of social life returned all her keen sense of enjoyment, all her desire for pleasure and gaiety.

True, she would miss the kindly husband who had made her days so bright, her home so happy, who had surrounded her with such loving care and tenderness; but life had innumerable sources of interest left for her yet.

When Lady Rooden first spoke to her daughter of returning home, the girl's face beamed with delight, and then suddenly grew sad.

"I am glad, mamma," she said—"glad yet sorry. We shall seem nearer to papa; but it will almost break my heart to see Rooden Abbey without him."

Four years had in a great measure healed the wound that the death of her husband had caused in Lady Rooden's heart; they had given her time to forget him, they had shown her how it was possible to live without him; but those four years had brought Angela Rooden to look upon her father as a hero and a saint.

The most reverential affection filled her heart and soul. In the ranks of the living there was no one like her father; and she worshipped his memory with a growing and strengthening ardor.

During those years of travel she had never lost an indefinable sense of his near presence; she had never forgotten her mother's words, that she was to think of him always as watching her from the blue skies.

And now she was going back to the home she had left in such a passion of sorrow and despair a few years before—returning with her mother to begin a new life.

While Miss Aveland had lived with them Angela had of course spent the greater part of her time with her in perfecting her education.

Lady Rooden was somewhat of a Sybarite; she delighted in easy couches and French novels.

Her daughter, although living under the same roof with her, and never having been parted from her for a day, did not understand her mother's character so well as some who met her only casually.

Naturally enough, she idolized it. In her loving eyes, what others considered faults she recognised only as virtues.

When Lady Rooden and Angela returned to Rood Abbey, Miss Aveland left them.

The old home was more beautiful than ever in the eyes of the young girl who had spent such a happy childhood there; the loveliness of the dawning spring added to its attractions, and Angela was loath to leave it even for all the promised glories of London.

She had reached her seventeenth year now, and Lady Rooden was anxious that she should be presented at the first Drawing-room held in May.

So in May they went to town; and Angela's presentation was a great success, and society welcomed mother and daughter with open arms.

Before many days had passed they were inundated with invitations and courted by all the leaders of London society. The world found Lady Rooden more beautiful and charming than ever, and it found her daughter even much more beautiful than herself.

"What a curious life it is, mamma!" Angela remarked one morning, when they were dressing to attend a fashionable wedding. "It always seems to me so unreal."

"In what way, Angel? It is real enough to me."

"It gives me the impression of always being at a theatre, or on a stage," she replied. "We go from one thing to another—riding, driving, visiting; we go to dinners, balls, gatherings; nothing occupies us for long together, and every hour brings a change. I should not like the rush of a London season always, mamma."

"I should," confessed Lady Rooden; and the girl looked up in undisguised wonder at her mother.

"Would you?" she questioned; and then she flung her arms round her mother's shapely neck, and cried, "No wonder, mamma; you are so lovely, and every one loves you! It is a fancy of mine that no room is bright until you enter it."

And Lady Rooden, who delighted in nothing so much as praise, smiled at the eager young face.

She enjoyed thoroughly her daughter's worshipping love and honest admiration. She liked to know that her child admired her and thought her the fairest of women.

It was a new experience to Angela to see her mother surrounded by admirers. She had idealised her so completely, and had so convinced herself that her mother's heart was enshrined in her father's memory, that she had never contemplated the possibility of her mother's contracting another alliance.

She had never in her mind separated her father from her mother. Although he was no longer on earth, they were still united in her thoughts—not parted, even though death lay between them.

No girl ever wept more bitterly than did Angela when her mother took off her widow's cap and allowed her luxuriant tresses to be seen.

Lady Rooden could not understand such strange conduct.

"You ought to be pleased, Angel," she said, rebuking the girl. "I cannot even understand why you cry."

Nor could the girl herself explain the feeling of jealous love for her father's memory which made her dislike to see the outward sign of mourning laid aside.

Now, when she saw her mother surrounded by admirers, the sensation was a novel one.

To see men hovering about her, trying to outvie each other in paying her attention, trying to discover who could win from her brightest smiles, astonished her.

She forgot all about her own admirers in her contemplation of the new situation.

It was a fresh light in which to view her own mother; and she was not at first quite sure whether it pained her or pleased her most.

She was unconscious of the admiration which she herself excited—indeed she did not care much about fashionable life or the homage she unwittingly extorted. Hitherto she had lived more in the world of art than of men; and to herself she acknowledge that she preferred the former.

She was wonderfully inexperienced in the ways of fashionable men and women. This was the result perhaps of not having any youthful friends of her own sex with whom to converse on lovers and fashions, and the many other subjects so dear to young girls.

Miss Aveland had never encouraged conversation on such matters. Many girls of twelve knew more of love and flirtations than this tall slender girl who took such a serious view of life.

She brought with her into the world of fashion and frivolity all the noble thoughts the lofty and spiritual ideas, the tender delicate fancies and vague sweet longings which were the outcome of her peculiar temperament and of the peculiar life she had led.

CHAPTER V.

"I THINK," said Lady Rooden to her daughter, as the door closed after their handsome visitor, "that Captain Wynyard is, without exception, the most graceful and chivalrous man I have ever seen."

"Not that you have ever seen, but that you have seen for some time, mamma," corrected Angela. "You have seen dear papa!"

The fair face of Lady Rooden flushed and paled as her daughter uttered those words.

"My dear Angela," she said, "there is not and cannot be any comparison. Your papa stands apart from the whole world of men. I never did and never shall compare him with others. When I speak of men, I never include him."

Angela kissed the beautiful face, as if in token of her satisfaction with the explanation.

"I know, mamma," she responded; "but he is always so vividly present to me. I wonder if, as the years pass on, I shall lose the curious feeling I have of his always being near me, of seeing all that is done and hearing all that is said? It is so real with me that, even when you said that Captain Wynyard was the most chivalrous man you had ever seen, I had an uneasy feeling it would hurt papa."

"That is a morbid feeling, Angel, and comes from the fact that you have lived more in the world of thought and memory than in the world of everyday life. We were speaking of Captain Wynyard, and I was about to observe that I admire him exceedingly—indeed I have not met with any one in society who has pleased me so much."

"I am glad to hear it, mamma. I like you to meet pleasant people."

"Captain Wynyard deserves a better word than 'pleasant,' Angel," said Lady Rooden, with a smile. "He is charming, fascinating."

"I have never heard you praise any one so highly before, mamma," observed Angela.

"Because I have never met with any one who merited praise so highly. Do you like him, Angel?"

Angela's first response was to throw her arms round her mother's neck and kiss her—a custom usual with her when she was about to say anything that she felt would not quite please her.

"I am always best pleased and most content when I like the people you like, mamma; but in this case——"

Then she paused, evidently feeling that her words would give her mother some little pain.

"In this case you do not," finished Lady Rooden quietly; and Angela looked somewhat relieved.

"You are right, mamma," she said. "I do not like him."

"I have always thought," observed Lady Rooden, that likes and dislikes are out of our own power. We like one person without any seeming reason; we dislike another without at all understanding why."

"I am a great believer in first impression," said Angela; "I think they are always correct. If I like any one at first sight, I am sure to like them more on further acquaintance; but if I dislike any one at first sight, that dislike is sure to deepen if I see them again."

"Did you like or dislike Captain Wynyard when you first saw him, Angel?" asked Lady Rooden anxiously.

"I am sorry to say that I disliked him, mamma," was the frank reply.

"Why, Angel," cried her mother, "he is the handsomest man in London!"

"Yes, his face is handsome enough; I do not know that I have met any one so handsome. But that is nothing—a statue or a

picture may be pleasant to see—he has no soul in his face."

"What an extraordinary expression!" exclaimed Lady Rooden.

"It is a true one, mamma," returned Angela. "A beautiful soul always makes a beautiful face, and no face can be fair to see that covers an ugly soul."

"But, my dear Angel, that is not the way in which beauty is judged. It is by the color and brightness of the eyes, the shape of the features, the sweetness of the mouth."

"Ah, no, mamma; it is the fairness of the soul and the loftiness of the mind! Captain Wynyard has faultless features and pleasing eyes; but in my judgment his face has no beauty whatever."

"No beauty?" cried Lady Rooden. "Why Angel, how can you speak so?"

"Not in my judgment, I said, mamma. You would be amused if I told you what I see in that face that others think so handsome."

"What do you see, or rather what do you fancy you see?" she asked.

"In the eyes that are so dark and bright I see a mean soul, a soul that is altogether ignoble; the mouth that some would think beautiful from its full lips and their graceful curves seems to me weak and cruel."

"My dear child," interrupted Lady Rooden, "you talk great nonsense!"

"Do I, mamma? I say what I think. I regret you should not consider my ideas sensible."

"I do not believe you would find any one else in London who would pass such a verdict on Captain Wynyard's face. Why do you consider a quicker or more correct reader of character than other people?"

"I do not know, mamma, unless it is that I find my first impressions of people are generally confirmed by subsequent knowledge."

It was not the first time that mother and daughter had discussed Captain Wynyard. He had secured an introduction to Lady Rooden and her daughter, and, remembering what Mr. Ashton had said, that the man who won her ladyship would be the one who flattered her most, he had fashioned his conduct on this intimation.

He allowed her to see very plainly his admiration of her beauty, his astonishment that she should have a daughter so tall and well grown, and she spoke more freely on the point than most people would.

Sir Charles Rooden, in his great love for his wife, had not been able to discern a single fault in her.

Captain Wynyard had not talked to her for half an hour before he understood her character perfectly, and knew that selfishness and vanity formed no small part of it.

Angela, generally quick in reading character, might have spent a lifetime with her mother, and yet never have detected what Captain Wynyard had read in half an hour.

The course for him to pursue was clear. He realized that Lady Rooden would have plenty of admirers, many with far greater social and pecuniary advantages than he boasted; but he was fully confident no one would understand her better, or know better how to play upon her weakness.

A duke or an earl might woo her, but it would not be with such a winning tongue; and in the end he knew that the winning tongue must win.

He who married the mother would probably have twenty or thirty years' enjoyment of Rood Abbey and its rich revenues: he who married the daughter would have to wait twenty or thirty years for it. Had the mother been as plain as she was beautiful, he would still have done his best to win her.

When he felt on a sufficiently friendly footing with them, he ventured to call; and Lady Rooden owned to herself that nothing could be more delightful than the visits of the handsome Captain.

He talked so easily and so well; he had such a fund of anecdote; he knew everything that was passing in society; he could give the most piquant details of all the latest scandals.

In short, there was not a more amusing companion in London. To her ladyship the hours spent with him were indeed very pleasant ones. The warm May afternoons were bright as sunshine could make them, and Lady Rooden's drawing-room at Rood House was a veritable bower of luxurious ease and elegance; it was lofty, with large windows that commanded a view of the gardens, the balconies being filled with the choicest flowers, and the apartment itself containing all that money and taste could contribute to make it perfect. The hangings were of pale rose velvet, relieved by white lace; the carpet was of white velvet pile, dotted in careless profusion with pale pink roses.

The pictures had been selected with great care and judgment, and the few pieces of statuary, shining amid some choice exotics, helped to make an *ensemble* with which even the critical eye of Vance Wynyard was charmed.

In this sumptuous apartment time passed pleasantly, and Lady Rooden began to look upon Captain Wynyard's visits as the happiest and brightest part of the day. Before long he made it a rule to call at Rood House every day.

He had a book which he thought Lady Rooden would like, or a choice flower, knowing that she was so fond of flowers—always a reasonable excuse; and the time soon came when her ladyship counted the hours between his visits, all unconscious that they were rapidly becoming the one thing needful to the happiness of her life.

But Lady Rooden was distressed that Angela did not like him.

She never appeared to enjoy his society, and always seemed anxious to escape from the room. When he tried to draw her into conversation, she would make him the briefest of replies.

Her mother could not understand this method of treating one of whom she considered the most charming of men.

Her wonder was that Angela was not delighted with him and eager for his society; but then she considered herself by remembering that her daughter was not quite like other girls.

Thus matters went on for some time, Angela herself being the last to perceive what was about to happen.

It was plain enough to the rest of the world that Vance Wynyard was doing his best to win the rich young widow; but Angela, who always thought of her mother as one with the father she had lost, never for one moment allowed such an idea to enter into her head. No one saw or understood less than she to whom it was of such vital importance.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE bright June morning Vance Wynyard made an early call at Rood House. There was to be a garden-party at Richmond, and he wanted to drive the ladies down.

He had spoken of his wish to Lady Rooden on the previous evening; and she, not unwilling to find an excuse for an extra visit, had said that she would think of it. He was with her before noon to ascertain her decision.

The garden-party was to be given by Lady Avon, at her villa on the banks of the Thames, and it was expected to be one of the events of the season.

The invitations were by no means general. Beauty, fashion, and wit would be well represented.

Her ladyship was far too wise to care to see an assembly of plain, commonplace, or unattractive people under the shade of the great trees on her lawn.

The handsomest men, the best-dressed and most beautiful women in London would be there.

Lady Avon knew exactly how to draw the *creme de la creme* of society around her.

She was most anxious to secure Lady Rooden and her lovely young daughter, for, bearing in mind the sensation they had made in the fashionable world, she guessed that, if it were known they were to be present, invitations would be eagerly sought after.

It was the dearest hope in the heart of more than one rich and titled gallant that he should drive the two fairest women in London to Richmond.

The Duke of Templetown, who was said to have the most perfectly-appointed equipage in London was first to ask; Lord St. Bury was the second; and then came Vance Wynyard.

With a charming smile Lady Rooden declined the offers of the first two; of the third invitation she promised to think. The result was Captain Wynyard's early morning call.

Lady Rooden and her daughter were in the drawing-room when he was announced. Angela in ecstasies of delight over a small boquet of pink moss-rosebuds which had just arrived from the florist's.

The girl had just laid the boquet on the table when Captain Wynward entered, looking very handsome and in high spirits. He was most *empresse* in his greeting of Lady Rooden, who did not hide her delight at seeing him.

Angela went away as soon as possible, for she did not like the ex-Captain, and was always glad of some pretext to hurry away when he appeared. She was absent for some little time, and then bethought herself of a qestion that she wished to ask her mother.

She did not expect to find Captain Wynyard still in the drawing-room; but to her surprise he was still there, standing by her mother near one of the large windows.

Something in the expression of Lady Rooden's face startled the girl—it was a something she had never seen there before. Her mother's face was slightly flushed—a delicate dainty flush that recalled the inner leaf of a rose—and her eyes dropped, and the lines of her beautiful mouth slightly tremulous.

Angela looked quickly from her mother's face to the captain's.

His was flushed, handsome, and triumphant. To her consternation, she saw that he wore one of the pink rosebuds in his coat. Could it be possible that her mother had given it to him?"

She could not tell why it was, but a sudden sensation of deadly pain came over her. Presently she felt as though she had intruded, as though she were not wanted, as though she had interrupted them and they were not well pleased at the interruption.

Yet it must be a foolish fancy, a foolish idea on her part, for her mother had no secrets to talk over with Captain Wynyard. Dismissing the thought as unworthy, she went to the table and raised the pink rosebuds.

Then the Captain murmured some excuse for his long call, bowed and went away.

But, even after he had gone, the dreamy half-tender smile still lingered on Lady Rooden's face. Angela went up to her.

"Mamma," she asked gently, "did you give Captain Wynyard one of these lovely rosebuds—the one he hasin his coat?"

The flush and the smile deepened on Lady Rooden's face.

"Yes, Angel, I gave it to him," she answered.

The girl's face clouded, and, when she spoke again, her voice was full of sorrow and reproach.

"Oh, mamma, I am so sorry!" she said. "I do not like him. I am sorry that he has one of my beautiful moss-rosebuds. Do not give him flowers again, mamma."

Lady Rooden laughed lightly.

"I ought to like him the more because you do not like him enough, I really cannot understand your prejudice against him, for he is certainly the nicest man I have met in society."

"I am sorry you think so, mamma. To me he seems all that is false."

Then, and for the first time in her life, Lady Rooden spoke angrily to her daughter.

"You are too young to judge so harshly, Angel!" she exclaimed excitedly. "I do not like you to speak unkindly of any one—above all, of Captain Wynyard."

"I am sorry, mamma," returned Angela gently, "if I have displeased you. I thought you liked me to tell you what I thought."

Lady Rooden quickly recovered her good humor.

"So I do, my dear; but I think you are very unjust towards Captain Wynyard; and I certainly have a great regard for him."

Angela went to her mother, and put her arms round her neck.

"Mamma," she said, "I shall always remember to-day. It is the first time that you have ever spoken angrily to me."

"It will be the last, my darling!" cried Lady Rooden, struck by the sweet humility of her daughter. "And it was not you, but the sentiment you expressed, that annoyed me. Try to like Captain Wynyard, for he is really and truly a great friend of mine, and it would be so much pleasanter if you too liked him."

"I will try, mamma," said Angela; but the tone of her voice expressed great doubt, and in her heart she felt a still greater doubt.

All that day Lady Rooden was more than usually kind to her daughter, as though she wished to atone for something she had said or done.

That same evening mother and daughter went to a ball given by the Countess of Bellamy, Lady Rooden looking her best in pale amber velvet and fine white lace, Angela lovely as a dream in white silk with blush roses. As usual they were the belles of the ball.

They attracted universal admiration, and the fact that they should be mother and daughter seemed barely credible. As a matter of course, Captain Wynyard was the first to greet them.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

STRANGELY BUILT.—Amsterdam is built upon what was once a marsh, or, worse than that, a sea, and is a vast marcel of water-works, dams embankments and buttresses, built of a very heavy stone above, but resting upon millions of piles below. Piles are, in fact the support of the whole town; for the upper soil, most of which has been brought in from distant places, is composed of a sandy loam, which affords no firm support. Amsterdam is, in fact, a city upon stilts, the stilts being piles from fifteen to twenty feet long, upon which the buildings stand, as it were, in the air. You can easily recognize the character of the foundation when you look at the houses in the older parts of the town.

Here a building is leaning forward in such a ticklish way that you wonder at the foolhardiness of the people who are sitting in the windows and thus adding to the weight on the downward side, and you feel safer to pass it on the other side of the way. There another has settled sideways and leans, as if wearied, on its neighbor, and a third has started backward, as if attempting to save itself from the general crash into the streets, which seems likely to come at any moment.

A fourth seems trying to look around the corner into the next street, as if tired with forever staring at the canal, and the general effect is like looking into the ranks of scenery in the wings of a theatre, where everything has fallen up against everything else, or as if an earthquake shock had lately occurred and another and severer one was momentarily expected.

You see this thing in nearly every town in Holland; but more plainly in Amsterdam than elsewhere, because of the greater height of the buildings. No doubt in the course of time Amsterdam will have to be taken down piecemeal, furnished with new foundations, and set up again, but the patient Dutch who build it will have the virtu to rebuild it if necessary, and defy the humid soil; the percolation of water, and the endless threat of the sea, to the end of time.

The courage of the Holland engineers impresses me more and more profoundly with every day I spent in this hollow country, and I am fully convinced that if they seriously attempt to carry out their present project to put a dam across the Zuyder Zee and pump its waters into the ocean, they will easily succeed.

A people that added the bottom of the lake of Haarlem to their cultivated lands by steadily pumping for three years, a little sea, whereon shipwrecks had happened and naval battles had been fought, can find the greater work of draining the Zuyder Zee to be only a question of longer time. Making farms out of seas, cities out of swamps, mainland out of islands, changing geography and bringing distant people to be neighbors are very easy matters with these slow and earnest Dutchmen. B. B.

THE retort courteous: He (after proposing and being rejected)—"I suppose in the end you will be marrying some idiot of a fellow—" She (breaking in)—"Excuse me' if I meant to do that, I should have accepted your offer."

Scientific and Useful.

CHARRED WOOD.—There is actual proof that wood can be charred by steam pipes and by the slow but long-continued action of moderately heated steam. Charcoal thus formed is said to be liable to absorb oxygen suddenly and break out into spontaneous combustion.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, on part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

BOILERS.—A boiler has been made in France in which the metallic surface exposed to fire does not touch the water. The boiler, it is said, cannot become red hot, but is enveloped all over by the same temperature. The vaporization is very great, and the last drop of water can be converted into steam without any danger of explosion.

HEADLIGHT.—An Indianapolis inventor is said to be quietly laboring to perfect an electric headlight for locomotives, the power of which is to be equal to that of 400 candles. As a 20-candle light is the most intense that has hitherto been devised for this purpose, the prodigious gain of the invention, should it prove successful, is quite incalculable. It will light the track for a mile brilliantly, and the light will be full and continuous.

FUSING DISC.—An Australian paper announces "another miracle" in the shape of 'the fusing disc,' by which it says round steel bars are cut by a disc revolving at a high velocity without contact taking place between the two. The inventor who is described as a metallurgist of some standing in Pittsburg, claims that his disc fuses the steel by "the transfer of the mechanical energy stored by the saw as it flies through the air into heat." The revolving disc does not touch the revolving bar, but cuts it in two, and the molten metal which trickles down to the ground is cold! A round bar of steel of 1½-inch diameter can be fused in two in ten seconds if the disc is run at 230 and the bar revolved at 200 revolutions per minute in the same direction.

Farm and Garden.

TIMOTHY AND FODDER.—Timothy is too binding for an animal like the sheep, whose system tends so easily to fever and constipation. Fodder is loosening, cooling, and relieves pressure or congestion on the lungs. Sheep fed on fodder in the morning, shelled corn at noon and good bright wheat straw at night, will keep in as healthy a condition as in midsummer. Horses suffering with heaves have been known to be entirely cured by the exclusive use of corn fodder.

WHEAT.—Winter wheat should be sown early enough so that it will get a good start before winter sets in. It should get well rooted, and of course will, in doing this get a very fair growth of top at the same time. This top growth is needed as well as the root growth. It helps to cover and protect the roots from thawing and freezing—not so much by its bulk alone as by its service in catching and holding snow. The snow will sift in about the roots where there is even a light growth of top to hold it in place, while the ground would no doubt be swept bare without it.

STALLIONS.—The owners of some of our own pampered stock horses can find a hint worth following in this item from a leading London paper: In regard to the over-feeding of stallions, we are glad to notice that Professor Williams, of Edinburgh strongly recommends that draught stallions should be worked a little in winter. This is not only with the view of preserving the horse's procreative powers, but his health; as now, when attacked, his organs not being in a very healthy condition, he is unable to withstand the usual veterinary remedies when in trouble, and succumbs very suddenly.

PLANTS.—Plants in balconies, baskets, vases, window-boxes, or pots, having but a limited area from which to derive moisture and food, require particular attention in watering and stimulating. Take great care not to let them become dry, as it will injure them almost as badly as a severe frost, and when you water them do it thoroughly, so that all the earth will be moistened. A little dash of water on the surface is almost useless. In small baskets and vases it is an excellent plan to put a large handful of bits of charcoal and then lay upon them a large sponge, well wetted, or a handful of sphagnum or damp moss. This will keep wet all summer, if water is given daily, and the charcoal will prevent the soil from becoming sodden and sour.

MOSS OR WEEDS.—To prevent the growth of moss or weeds on gravel walks it is recommended to sprinkle salt pretty freely on the paths (about a pound to the square yard is said to do for one year at least), care being taken not to let the salt fall on the box borders or the edges of the grass. A damp but not a rainy, day is the best for this operation. Some apply a boiling solution of salt (about a pound to the gallon of water) with a common watering pan, so that a pound of the salt will be received by every square yard of walk. A much weaker solution will serve the same purpose if it should be required again. A solution of blue vitrol—about a pound of sulphate to the gallon of water—is also used successfully for the same purpose.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously inefaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Criminal Literary Outrages.

Of all crimes against society there is probably none more wanton and destructive that those perpetrated through literary channels, which flood humanity with debased thoughts and vile information that should never be harbored in pure minds, nor openly discussed except in the presence of mature characters capable of resisting their contaminating influences. We now use the term criminality more in a moral than a legal sense. The effects of literary transgressions are so far reaching and insidious that their heinousness is immeasurably heightened beyond any mere physical atrocity that is susceptible of forcible restraint and exemplary punishment. For the being who commits personal violence, or imbrues his hands with murderous blood, we mete out swift justice and ignominious death, while the wretch who steals another's goods is consigned to a felon's cell, to be execrated by all who possess the instincts of honesty. But the literary felon steps boldly and brazenly abroad, spreading moral death and inoculating youthful and impressible hearts and intellects with poisons that work destructions far more terrific in their actual results than the fiercest tornado ever wrought in its wildest carousals. No depth of literary infamy seems too deep for the cravings of avarice, so that sensations are converted into lucre, and the latent depravity of human nature can be used as the leverage for a fat bank account. Against such predatory desperadoes the world seems to be powerless, and the protests of decency unavailing. The recent publication of sensational disclosures concerning impure and criminal social practices that were alleged to exist in certain circles of London society, it is now known, was initiated in the cesspool of private revenge upon business rivals, and the greed for sensational profits by whatever methods, upon the part of a paper whose very name should be a stench forever in the nostrils of decency. The thin excuse of championing otherwise defenceless wrongs, and irresistibly stimulating the enactment of laws for their correction, is received with derision by those acquainted with the inner facts of the case, and should not weigh a grain against the indignant condemnation due to those who thus opened the floodgates of impurity and caused myriads of minds to be needlessly deluged with torrents of filth. A fearful responsibility and moral accountability must rest upon those guilty of originating and abetting such a hypocritical crusade by unrestricted and universal statement and discussion. No ostensible amount of good to be accomplished can possibly compensate for the ruthless invasion of homes with thoughts and statements that should tinge the cheek of virtue with shame at their very mention—even though as true as Holy Writ—and much less when used as the stock in trade of sensationmongers. The stale excuse of "exposing" wrongs in order that others may be saved from them, has always been the plausible plea of publishers of obscenity in their nefarious traffic. It is unworthy a moment's serious consideration. The purity of the family and home is the strength and manhood of all civilized nations, and assaults upon its sanctity should be as jealously resisted as the entrance of ravenous wolves within the sheepfold. No better test of the insincerity of those disseminating such matters as we have referred to, can be found than in noticing the class of papers that made haste to spread them broadcast through their columns. Not those that are well known to be clean and pure took it up, but the scandalizers and sensationalists, who care no more for morality and purity than for the faintest zephyr that blows—those who scavenge heaven and earth to find facts or ideas possessing seven devils more of baseness than any that have been previously produced. These were the noble heralds who worked telegraphs and printing-presses for hours and days together, in the philanthropic task of trumpeting wrongs that had slumbered for decades unnoticed, until the fertile resources of vengeance and greed brought them forth. How hollow such pretences, and how undeserving the confidence of the good and true, in the irrepressible struggle between innate right and unqualified wrong! Although there may be no legal protection against such crimes as these, let genuine respectability brand their perpetrators with marks of infamy ten times more ineffacable than that of Cain, until their punishment is unbearable, and the earth be rid of such an unmitigated curse.

What an amount of easement and of positive blessing would flow through all the channels of trade and business, from a more general and prompter fidelity in debt-paying. How many individuals—nay, how many families, and how many homes, would be reached by such a realization, as by a pervasive and positive benediction. There is more suffering than is even dreamed of from the cause here described. Especially is this true as pertaining to small debts due those who need what these debts represent. The Apostle James, in addressing those who withheld the honest dues of hard toilers, exclaims: "Behold the hire of your laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." Through the struggling ages since, down to and into our own day, how have these cries, and cries such as these, been ascending unto the same Lord of Sabaoth. There are few of our readers, we would fain hope, to whom this truth finds practical application. In any event, we trust the number, be it greater or smaller, may rapidly grow less.

Truth comes to us only by glimpses. There are some who refuse to receive a partial truth, who insist upon having a clear idea of the whole, or at least upon persuading themselves that they have it, before they yield assent to anything. They will believe nothing which they cannot understand, they say, forgetting that, although we may both believe and understand many things to be true, it is only by occasional glimpses that we can ever discover how they came to be so. For instance, we all believe the wonders of the natural world, the existence and motion of the planets and stars, the changes in the earth's surface, the marvelous growth in the vegetable world, and the still more wonderful development of the animal creation—of conscious life and human intelligence. In believing these things we understand that they are so; but how came they to be so, how do they perform their several functions, what are the laws which uphold them and the forces they obey—these things we do not understand, except as study or thought, or participation in another's thoughts, give us glimpses of the truth.

They may not amount to much, in some ways, as their graver neighbors, but they fill a useful place in the world, notwithstanding. The truly merry man knows nothing of care. Life itself is a joke to him. What a happy disposition it must be that can thus bid defiance to all the vicissitudes of the world, and smile even at pain as nothing but a relief from the monotony of a perpetual ease! We envy such people. And yet a constant laugh cannot be so enjoyable as one that comes occasionally, well matured, and in all the luxuriance of a heartfelt appreciation of humor. "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing," says the proverb; and why not too much mental quietude? At any rate, it is well to console ourselves that if we are sometimes wretched it is only because that wretchedness enhances the requisite enjoyment of those hilarious moments that follow after it. That's true philosophy!

It is not true that the world is smooth. Therefore, do not teach your boys that they will find it so. If you do, they will have to learn the contrary by bitter experience. Tell them frankly that the pathway of life, to active men, to such as faithfully serve themselves and their kind, is rough, and rugged, and thorny. They will not be disappointed. But inculcate with this correct information lessons of physical and moral courage. Instruct them that he who shrinks from the encounter is a coward, while he who bravely does his duty, under all circumstances, in spite of opposition—sometimes, it may be, in the face of denunciation and obloquy—is a true hero. He has a sufficient reward, and of that he is always certain, in the mere consciousness of doing right. That will always buoy him up and support him in his darkest hours.

Nature will always take the color of the spectacles we wear. They who choose to wear yellow ones are likely to die of the jaundice; they who prefer rose-color make life a gladness and a blessing, and generally walk on the sunny side of the way. A poor widow, not having bed-clothes to shelter her boy from the snow which blew through the cracks of her hovel, used to cover him with boards. "Mother," said the boy, "what do poor folks do this cold weather who have no boards to put upon their children?" There are people who are never content with their lot. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, whether in rain or shine.

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, civil, agreeable, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off, if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially good manners.

Neither learning, nor philosophy, nor advantages of any kind, hold a monopoly of correct judgment as to the right and the wrong of the every-day affairs of life. He who, with ordinary intelligence and a sincere desire to do right, trusts to his own instinctive ideas of what is right, is far more likely to decide wisely and to act justly than one who uses his brains to weave subtle arguments, to find specious excuses, evasions, and contradictions, or to discover some supposed conflict of duties which shakes his previous firm convictions.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

The World's Happenings.

Artificial human ears made of celluloid are new.

The laws of Japan compel the selling of fish alive.

Los Angelos, Cal., has raised a watermelon weighing 178 pounds.

In Genoa the policemen wear silk hats and carry silver-headed canes.

China has 8,500 miles of telegraph line, and only seven miles of railroad.

College graduates as hotel waiters have made a bad failure at Chatauqua.

Heroines, as well as heroes, are hereafter to be honored with decorations in Japan.

The South African postoffice transported nearly a ton of rough diamonds last year.

A celebrated Swiss oculist has lately given sight to a lad of 16, who has been blind from birth.

The Secretary of the London Swimming Club submits the theory that salt water is a cure for lunacy.

A whistling match, in which the winner held out for two and a half hours, took place recently in Pittsburg.

According to a correspondent, Henderson county, Texas, has a strange anomaly in a two-legged sheep.

A weather prophet of some note predicts that the coming winter will be one of exceptional cold and storms.

A curious new fact in natural history is that the spitz dog is "a domesticated subarctic variety of prairie wolf."

A new insurance company in Hungary pays to its policy-holders from 100 to 500 florins if their wives elope.

The crowning of the Rose Queen, a pretty French custom transplanted, took place in a suburb of London a few days ago.

Fifteen hundred telephone instruments in Buffalo, N. Y., are supplied with electricity made by the water power of Niagara Falls.

Los Angelos, Cal., has just disposed of a "Holiness Band" member by sending him to the Penitentiary for 18 months for burglary.

A man of South Bend, Ind., has patented an invisible boat for water-fowl hunters. With this boat a hunter may anchor in open water.

Condensations of such novels as "The Vicar of Wakefield" appear in a new series of school "readers" now being published in London.

A novelty of the drill in the Russian army is a race between cavalry officers and a railroad train. In a run of sixty-seven miles the horsemen won.

Buffaloes are now bred at Goodnight, Kan., and buffalo calves sell at $50 a head where once the earth shook beneath the onward tread of 10,000 hoofs.

An American chemist is said to have invented a furnace by which he obtains 90 per cent. of combustible out of coal, instead of 10 per cent., as at present.

Chickens "manufactured" by the incubator process are complained of by some hotel cooks as being greatly inferior to the hen-raised fowls in point of flavor and tenderness.

It costs fifty cents in a Western city to have a barrel of flour taken from the mill to the dwelling of a resident. Thirty-five cents more would land it on the wharf at Liverpool.

The street cries so numerous and so piercing which one hears every morning in the city of Paris, are taught by a professor who instructs his pupils from a work published in the time of Francois I.

In Liverpool, not long ago, a returned convict, charged with unmercifully flogging his child, gave as his excuse to the magistrate that by so doing he hoped to prevent the child from following in his own footsteps.

A musk-melon, a porter-house steak, an omelet, a spring chicken, a slice of broiled ham, lamb chops, fried potatoes, six hot rolls, three cups of coffee, and a glass of ice water, made up one of the President's Adirondack breakfasts.

The manner in which a citizen of Terre Haute, Ind., chastised a trio of tramps, lately, so pleased the people there that they have started a one cent subscription fund with which to buy the "hero" a fine, gold-mounted black-snake whip.

A terrible scandal has been caused in Columbus, Ohio, by the discovery that a dog has just been buried in the most aristocratic part of Green Lawn, the cemetery where a negro's bones were not allowed to rest a few years ago.

Fashionable caprice caused the slaughter of 6,823 birds of paradise, 4,675 Impeyan pheasants, 404,434 West Indian and Brazilian birds, and 256,289 East Indian birds of various kinds, sold by one English house during six months of this year.

A Chinese orator told the religious people of San Francisco, recently, that he thought it curious that the Americans would spend millions to secure a home for his countrymen in heaven, while they refuse them such a boon in the United States.

One of the novelties at a late English dinner was a china dish containing hot bread, which had inserted in it a musical box. When the dish was lifted from the sideboard the box discoursed pleasant strains while it went its rounds, ceasing on being placed down again.

A novel method of suicide was that attempted by an Irishman at Brooklyn, N. Y., a few days ago—throwing a large cobble-stone into the air and letting it fall on his bare head. He had inflicted several severe, but not necessarily fatal, wounds when he was discovered and put under restraint.

A camp meeting was held lately at Vineyard, Mass., and of one thousand copies of printed selections loaned by a single individual for the use of the meeting, six hundred were missing at the time for their collection; this, too, notwithstanding the note, "Do not take away," was stamped on the cover of each.

THE OLD MILL-WHEEL.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

It lies beside the river, where the marge
Is dark with many a black and careless barge;
And yeasty filth, and leafage wild and rank,
Stagnate and fatten by the crumbling bank.

Once, slow revolving by the industrious mill,
It murmured—only on the Sabbath still;
And evening winds its pulse-like beating bore
Down the soft vale and by the winding shore.

Sparkling around its orbed motion flew,
While quick, fresh fell, the drops of dashing dew;
Through noontide heat that gentle rain was flung,
And verdant round the summer herbage sprung.

Now, dancing light and sounding motion cease,
In the dark hours of cold, continual peace:
Through its black bars the unbroken moonlight flows
And dry winds howl about its long repose.

And moldering lichens creep, and mosses gray
Cling round its arms in gradual decay,
Amidst the hum of men—which doth not suit
That shadowy circle, motionless and mute.

So, by the sleep of many a human heart,
The crowd of men may hear their busy part,
Where, withered or forgotten or subdued,
Its noisy passions have left solitude.

Ah! little can they trace the hidden truth!
What waves have moved it in the vale of youth!
And little can its broken chords avow
How once they sounded? All is silent now.

Remote, Yet Not Asunder.

BY PIPKIN.

THE fire burned brightly. Everything about the room betokened genteel poverty.

Grouped around the room were four persons—a pale, delicate woman of apparently thirty-eight years, with dark eyes and a fretful, discontented face; a young girl just budding into womanhood, with a face of exquisite sweetness and refinement; and two children, seemingly of thirteen and eleven years of age respectively.

Mrs. Harcourt, the first named of this group, seemed to be expecting someone impatiently.

"Gertrude is late," said Amy, the eldest of the two girls.

Going to the window, and looking out on the deepening twilight, she let down the curtain with a sigh, and walked back to the fire.

Elsie and Jessie were chatting gaily about playmates and other things.

"Ah, here she comes; I hear her step!" said Amy.

Opening wide the door, through which the mellow firelight danced, she stood waiting, with a smile on her face.

"Gertrude, you must be cold! How the wind blows!"

A tall, heavily-cloaked, but graceful figure entered the room, drew off impatiently her gloves, and held her chilled hands to the fire.

"It is bitterly cold," she said; "the wind cuts like a knife."

She arose from her stooping posture, and threw off her cloak and hood. A heavy frown rested upon her face; her black eyebrows almost met.

"You are late, Gertrude," said her mother, in an injured tone.

"I couldn't help it," she said, fretfully. "I did some work wrong, and had to take it out, and do it over again, and listen in silence to a scolding besides. I am sick and tired of life! It's drudge, drudge from morning till night, with a not a ray of pleasure to break in upon the monotony!"

And she sank down into a chair, and gazed with moody, frowning face into the fire.

Amy went behind her, and stooping, kissed the pouting red lips.

"Dear Gertrude, life is hard to you; you have too heavy a burden for your young shoulders to carry; but I hope, darling, that there is a better day ahead."

"No; there is nothing in the future for us but hard work and a hare living. But isn't supper ready?" she said, trying to shake off the gloomy feelings that were resting over her.

"Yes; come one, come all," Amy said said, smiling, as she led the way into the dining-room. "It has been waiting some time."

After their evening meal, Amy and the other girls put things to rights, while Gertrude stood awaiting her sister.

The family were very poor. Mrs. Harcourt had been the only child of wealthy, fashionable parents; but she eloped, when very young, with her music-teacher, a handsome profligate.

Her parents never forgave her, but left their wealth to an orphan asylum. Too soon she found out how sad a mistake she had made.

Her husband made her life miserable; and when the man for whom she had given up friends and wealth died a drunkard's death, no tears but those of regret at what she might have been fell from her eyes.

She was a confirmed hypochondriac, always dissatisfied and fretful, and sighing for the wealth and comfort she had given up.

Gertrude, the eldest girl, supported the family working in the fashionable millinery and dressmaking department of Madame Bonneville; Amy and the two younger girls attended school.

They owned the house they lived in, but Gertrude found it hard work to fill five months and dress five people. Amy lightened her burden for her all she could, and pinched and economized in every way.

She bore her mother's repinings and never added to Gertrude's troubles by telling her how dreary and lovely the days were, and how her patience was sorely tested every hour by her mother.

At last the work was done, and the girls returned to their mother's room, and drew their chairs round the fire.

If Gertrude had not been so engrossed by her own trouble, she would have noticed an unusual air of excitement about her mother; but she saw nothing, and sat with her hands lying idly in her lap, looking into the fire, with a bitter, discontented look on her face, sad to see in one so young.

At length her face softened, and it became only sad, not bitter.

Her mother and sisters looked at her as she sat so motionless and calm, and thought they had never seen a fairer face or more perfect form.

"Amy,"—her mother's voice awoke her from her dreams—"take the children, and go into the parlor and sing me a song."

"It is cold in there, mother," said Elsie.

"Only one song."

Amy rose, and took with her the lamp, the younger girls following. Soon the sweet clear voices floated in, and Mrs. Harcourt, fumbling in her pockets for a moment, drew out a letter, which she laid in Gertrude's lap.

"Read that."

Gertrude did as she desired, her color coming and going, her starry eyes dilating and brightening.

"Well?" said her mother, eagerly.

"I think it is very kind in your cousin, Mrs. Chalmers, to invite me to spend the winter in her elegant house in Brighton, and I feel very grateful, and kindness is always appreciated by those who are accustomed only to slight and neglect."

"Well, of course, you will accept."

"Accept! Of course I can't accept!"

"What! Refuse such a chance as that? You must go!"

"'Must' is a strange word to use when you know that I haven't a shilling in the world besides the pitiful monthly salary I get, and that wouldn't clothe me decently here."

"But you must go! Listen to me, Gertrude! You will never have another such chance as this. You are beautiful—rarely—rarely so—and if you go to Brighton you may make a brilliant marriage."

"Mother!"

"Hush! I am as tired of this life of poverty as you are. Men do not mind wedding with poverty when such a face as yours is to be won—and I tell you, you can win a rich husband with that face of yours—and you *must* accept Mary's invitation. Amy and I have talked it over, and we both think you need rest and change. We have arranged everything. She is to take your place at the shop. Elsie can stay at home with me, and we can afford to hire a cook for a month or so, when so much is involved. And as for the expenses, there is that diamond cross of mine, which will bring a considerable sum. So there is no excuse. You *must* go!"

"Mother, in arranging to send me out into the world in search of a husband you seem to forget I am already engaged."

"Gertrude Harcourt, have you not given up that romantic nonsense yet? Don't you know that you would be utterly miserable as a poor man's wife?"

"No more so than now."

"Ah, yes, you would! Now you have that undefinable something which all girls have to look forward to. Hope keeps you up; but when you are a poor man's wife, and drudging as now, there will be nothing to hope for. Your fate will be settled, and you will be miserable. You were intended by nature to wear the purple, and you can't be a poor clerk's wife!"

"Poor Willie!"

Tears stood in her eyes, her heart leaped. The thought of entering that world of which she knew nothing, except through books, was entrancing. It seemed so selfish in her to go! But at last her mother induced her to consent. Amy and the girls came in.

"Will she go, mamma?"

"Yes; but hard work I had to induce her."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Gertrude! You are just working yourself to death; but in a short time the roses will bloom again on those pale cheeks."

In a very few day's Gertrude's boxes were packed for the journey.

She had broken her engagement with Willie Chessel, telling him the reason. Poor fellow! the tears had stood in his true blue eyes, and he had told her that if it was only money she wanted to marry for, to only wait another year, and in that time he would try and make a fortune.

So he had gone to California. She shed a few tears at parting, when he stooped and kissed her ripe red lips, and, without a word, was gone.

Good-byes were said. "Write often," her mother said.

"And report progress," added Gertrude.

"I will."

Tears came into her eyes when she kissed Amy good-bye—her loving, unselfish sister.

At last away rolled the 'bus,' and Gertrude was gone.

The others watched her, and waved their handkerchiefs until the 'bus, turned the corner, and was out of sight. Then Amy tied on her hat, and went to take her place at the shop.

A pleasant-faced, elderly gentleman met Gertrude at the terminus, and introduced himself as Mr. E. J. Chalmers, her cousin's husband.

The neatly-appointed brougham drove off, and finally stopped at an elegant house. She was greeted in the hall by a stylish, handsome lady of middle age, who kissed her.

"So this is Gertrude!"

Leading her into the drawing-room, and standing where the gaslight fell full upon the beautiful face, flushed with excitement, she looked long and admiringly, then said, "The idea of such a lovely flower blooming in that smoky Dalston! You are prettier than ever your mother was, dear, and she was considered a beauty in her young days, and a great flirt, too. Do you inherit that also?"

"I don't know. My talents have never had a full scope," said Gertrude, laughing.

A week after her arrival Mrs. Chalmers gave a ball in her honor, and the fair young *debutante* took all hearts by storm.

She sat writing to Amy thus:—

"DARLING AMY.—

"Your precious little missive was received a few days since, and should have been answered immediately; but, dear sister, I am as selfish as of old, and neglected writing because my pleasures—at the time, seemed a matter of more moment.

Forgive my selfishness, dearest and best of sisters, this once. So you want to know all about your humble servant, myself?

No disagreeable task you have assigned me, for my vanity has been so fostered that I wish for no more delightful task than to recount my victories. Like Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici*. I am at the very pinnacle of success and triumph now. Should I fall back into the old life of drudgery, there would be one more broken heart in the world. Yes, Amy; I, the sewing-girl in Madame Bonneville's establishment, am now the reigning belle.

"Men pay me their tribute of nice-turned compliments and admiration; and women—the more potent still!—show my superiority by their envy. I have met King Cophetua, and he has deigned to smile on the beggar-girl.

"Laura Every also sighs for King Cophetua's goodly possessions. As the heart longs for the water-brook, so her soul panteth after his thousands and tens of thousands. Laura is fair to see, and a winning lassie; but, if appearance is any criterion, King Cophetua prefers the dark-haired beggar maid. But oh! why does not fortune show more discrimination in distributing her gifts? Fortune has dealt kindly with King Cophetua, who is known by the lordly title of Algernon George, Earl of Dursley—as if to make amends for the indignities nature has heaped upon him.

"He is fair-haired, and as good-looking as fine linen, broadcloth, fine jewellry, a receding forehead, and protruding eyes will make him; and as interesting as his feeble intellect would allow. But what matters all that? 'The jingling of the guineas help the hurt that honor feels!' And when—if ever—King Cophetua wants to raise the beggar-girl to his high estate, she shall not say him nay. My face is my fortune, Amy.

"Though it being not a pearl to wear forever in the breast, it will buy diamonds, ease, and comfort us. King C.'s mother, the dowager, who is sojourning on the Continent, but will be home soon, is as proud as can well be, and devoted to her son.

"I might not suit my lady's taste, after all, especially if she knew my occupation at home. 'So tell it not in Gath.' To-night I go to Lady Belmont's ball, and have such a lovely dress given me by Cousin Mary, who is so kind to me!"

More followed about home-matters, &c.; and when it was finished Gertrude rang the bell for her maid, and began her toilette for the ball.

When she entered Lady Belmont's ball-room, leaning on the arm of Lord Dursley, all eyes turned on her.

Wonderfully lovely she looked; his lordship, almost intoxicated with her beauty, longed to take her in his arms, and tell her then and there how he loved her.

Horace Whitcomb entered the room with his friend Arthur Percy.

"There she is now!" said Percy. "Don't you think her exquisite?"

"A right fair sample of flesh!" responded he, as though speaking of a racehorse.

Gertrude heard these words, and vowed vengeance.

"Come, let me introduce you, Whitcomb."

"Thanks; but excuse me, I am too poor a man to have my head turned by your Circe. Besides, a beautiful woman is my *bete noir*. Their conceit and vanity I can't afford to gratify. There, I see Laura Every! She is more to my taste than your imperious, haughty Miss Harcourt!"

So he turned and sought Laura. Gertrude heard it all.

She only smiled, and thought, "I'll make him rue it!" So Circe looked up in Lord Dursley's face with starry eyes and dewy lips.

Whitcomb looked over and saw the glance, and thought, "What an arrant flirt!"

She and Lord Dursley wandered away from the crowd, and he told her of his love, and asked her to be his wife. She promised to answer him in two weeks.

"Oh, Gertrude, the suspense——"

"Not a day sooner!"—peremptorily. "I am engaged for the next waltz. Let us return."

Percy met her, and soon they were whirling through the waltz.

When it was ended, Mrs. Chalmers and Whitcomb came up.

"Gertrude, this is my husband's nephew. Mr. Whitcomb—Miss Harcourt."

Gertrude made a sweeping curtsey, and glanced at him with merry eyes. She took his proffered arm.

They wandered off to a seat, and soon Horace found himself watching the beautiful face with its varying expressions.

Gertrude had never been so fascinating before. She determined to win this man's love, then laugh at him, to pay him for his words; but he was provokingly nonchalant, and flattered her in a way that provoked her ire; and she said, hotly.

"Mr. Whitcomb, do you know that a man never flatters a woman unless he is very silly himself, or supposes her to be so? And I am inclined to think it the former in this case; therefore you are excused for your want of delicacy."

He flushed; but answered, coolly. "Of course, taking that view of the matter, only the former could be accepted, as no one could for a moment suppose Miss Harcourt to be silly," though he said it as if firmly convinced of the fact.

She was just losing her temper. She had lately been so accustomed to homage, that she demanded it from all; but here was one man who refused to pay tribute.

A gentleman came up, and claimed her hand for the "Lancers;" and, with a sigh of relief, she went with him.

Horace knew Gertrude to be poor, with sisters and a widowed mother, so could not see how she could afford to remain so long in Brighton, and be so handsomely dressed. He thought her vain, heartless, and selfish, and had a contempt for her in his heart.

Gertrude divined this, and knew he misjudged her, and hated him accordingly. He was a poor young barrister, and as he went but seldom into society, had never met her before.

After the ball she met him often at Mrs. Chalmers, but only common civilities passed between them. They never meant to quarrel, so each avoided the other.

Two weeks passed. Gertrude accepted Lord Dursley; but still she remained at Brighton. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers were loth to give her up. How she hated the thought of being tied to the man she could neither love or respect!"

"But," she thought, it is fate—useless to rebel."

In a few days she was to return to Dalston, and in six weeks she was to marry Lord Dursley. She stood looking in the mirror at the lovely face reflected therein.

"Oh, Gertrude Harcourt, you are fair to look upon; but you are a whitened sepulchre! Your heart is full of the bones of selfishness, ambition, and deceit?" she mused, bitterly to herself. "Your fortune has won but a poor prize after all, but even better than you deserve!"

Every day the bonds seemed more irksome. She did not ask herself why. She felt sad to-day, and life hardly worth the struggle; so, donning cloak and hat, she left the house for a walk in King's Road.

She walked quickly along, wrapped up in bitter reflections, when she was startled by seeing a little blind beggar-girl attempt to cross the road in front of a phaeton, drawn by two blood horses.

The horses plunged and reared. People called out to the child, "Run! Get out of the way!"

The poor, scared little thing threw up her hands, not knowing which way the danger approached, and stood facing her death, too confused and frightened to move.

Gertrude saw the danger, and with a low cry, she sprang into the street, snatched the child from death, and tried to escape danger herself, but one tearing hoof came down upon her white forehead.

The blood trickled down, and, with a moan, she sank on the ground.

Horace Whitcomb walking leisurely along, had seen all, but was too far off to come to the rescue of the child; though he rushed up, and gathering Gertrude in his arms, he hailed a cab, and was driven rapidly off to Mrs. Chalmers'.

"Brave, noble girl, how I have misjudged you!" thought he, as he looked at the pale, blood-stained face and closed eyes.

A deeper feeling than he had ever known before stirred his heart, and he held the motionless figure one moment to his breast and kissed the colorless lips. Then a feeling of fear crept into his breast.

"What if she were to die thus, just as I have learned that I cannot live without her?"

The doctor soon arrived, and examined the wound, and pronouncing it severe but not necessarily dangerous.

Fever and delirium ensued, and Gertrude called continually for "Amy, Amy!" and Horace, on his own responsibility, telegraphed to her, and met her at the station.

"Oh, tell me is she ill?" asked Amy, the tears streaming down her face.

The doctor said that day that she must die, but Horace could not tell this beautiful, loving sister that.

"Your coming will help her, I think."

"Gertrude, darling, don't you know Amy?"

She put her arms around her sister, and the golden curls swept against the dark ones. Tears were in the blue eyes, and the childlike mouth quivered.

The wide, starting dark eyes looked at her, then intelligence and recognition crept into them, and she said passionately, "Oh, Amy, Amy!" and lay sobbing upon her breast. "Amy, I can't marry him—don't make me, Amy! Will mother care so much? I can't, I can't! Listen, Amy!—stoop low, and I will tell you whom I love. Horace, Horace—darling Horace!"

She said the name tenderly, caressingly, but sadly. "He is poor; mother will not let me have him!"

This subject seemed continually on her mind, and Amy remained alone with her, so that none might learn the secret she knew her sister would rather die than divulge.

At length she was able to sit up and walk in the dining-room.

Horace was her devoted cavalier whenever she could come downstairs, and Gertrude, had she been well and strong, would have kept her secret locked up in her breast; but gradually Horace guessed that his love was reciprocated.

Lord Dursley had been like one deranged during her illness, and sent her boquets and notes daily; he now pleaded hard to see her, but Gertrude said she was not strong enough to see anyone. Horace was like one of the family. Arthur Percy looked in occasionally to see her at first, then came very often to see Amy.

Gertrude was quite well now, but still very weak. Amy and Arthur were gone out for a drive.

They were going home the next day, and Lord Dursley was coming to see her that evening after tea. She sat down in the sitting-room in the twilight gazing into the fire.

She was sad, and her engagement seemed doubly hateful now, since she knew that she loved Horace. Since her accident he had been as kind as a brother, and past hostilities were forgotten.

She heard a step; Horace stood beside her. She looked up and smiled.

"Good evening! I'm lonely, and glad you have come."

His face was pale, and he looked at her with longing yearning eyes."

The color forsook her cheeks, and her lids dropped.

He knew then she loved him.

Stooping, he gathered her in his arms, and drew her head upon his breast.

"My darling my love! You are going to leave to-morrow; but will you return soon as my own dear wife?"

The blood rushed into her face and she lay content upon his breast, but made no answer.

"My darling, I know you love me! Say that you do Gertrude, my darling—my love! Do you love me?"

"Oh, Horace, how dearly no one can ever know!"

It was almost a wail.

He kissed her passionately again and again.

Then she, remembering his poverty, her mother, her engagement, and all drew from his embrace, with a sigh and said mournfully, in a low sad voice, "But I cannot marry you!"

"Not marry me! What do you mean, Gertrude?"

She told him all—their poverty, her ambition, her engagement.

His brows met; a heavy frown rested upon his handsome face, and, with compressed lips he looked at her for one moment, and said, "Gertrude, do you mean to give me up for a man you neither love nor respect—to sell your soul for gold?"

"Oh, it is not for myself! Were I alone, I could go with you, content, to a hovel! Were you with me, I could be content anywhere! But I cannot disappoint mother! I cannot see her and the girls live the life we have lived so long! Oh, it would be selfish! I cannot! Oh, Horace, do not tempt me! My duty is to them first!"

"No; your duty in this respect is first to yourself and me! Gertrude, say you will be my wife!"

"I cannot burden you in the beginning of your career with my family! It is impossible, Horace. Oh, my love, my love, I must give you up!"

Tears streamed down her face.

Long he argued with her; but she was inexorable.

"It is for yourself that you give me up to marry him! It is because you are mercenary and designing! You care more for this tinsel show than for the love of anyone! I will never look upon your false face again! I despise you! You shall not blight my life! I will forget you!"

"Oh, Horace!"

But he was gone.

Gertrude resumed her work at Madame B.'s with a sad and weary heart. She had been at home three weeks; in three more she and Lord Dursley were to be married. Her mother was delighted with the success of Gertrude and Amy's visit, and regaled all the neighbors with accounts of Lord Dursley's wealth and position.

One day, as Gertrude was standing behind the counter showing some bonnets to a fastidious customer, she saw a lady enter, followed by a gentleman.

The gentleman she knew to be Lord Dursley, and the lady she guessed to be his mother.

Her heart stood still. They had not seen her, so she noticed every detail in the lady's dress, the rich bonnet, the trailing velvet, the diamonds, the gray hair the cold searching gray eyes, the short haughty lip, the proud carriage of the head, the imperious manner.

Instinctively she knew that there were breakers ahead, but she talked indifferently to the lady customer until Lord Dursley turned and saw her.

He stood still and stared, his face pallid; but not a word or look of recognition passed between them.

Lady Dursley, too, saw her, and stared critically, and when she had made her purchases her son called to her impatiently to come.

All the evening Gertrude worked in silence, with compressed lips and flashing eyes.

At length her work was done, and with a sigh of relief she started homeward.

She heard a step behind her, but she did not look back. She had nearly reached her gate when a voice said, "Miss Harcourt!"

She turned with flashing eyes, and mien as haughty as his mother's own.

"What, sir?"

"Oh, Gertrude, how could you deceive me so? I didn't know—

"You didn't know that I worked for my living and to keep my mother and sisters from starvation. Well, what of it? Did you expect me to cry my poverty from the housetops?"

"You should have told me. I have brought my mother here to see you, and she recognized you there" pointing to the shop—"and she will never forgive me if I——"

"If you marry me. Well, don't incur her displeasure. There is your ring, and I joyfully take back my freedom! Lord Dursley, I bid you good evening!"

And she walked haughtily into the house.

He had not seen fit to recognize her when his mother was by, and she did not care to waste words with him now.

While her blood was warm she told her mother of the broken engagement. She knew she could not face the storm when in a quieter, gentler mood.

Her mother's anger was something dreadful to see, but Gertrude left the room and sought Amy.

The weeks passed, and Amy and Arthur Percy were married, and went to their home in Sussex.

Life seemed dreary enough for Gertrude now.

Her mother complained and repined all day long, and never ceased to upbraid "that miserable, selfish, ungrateful girl," as she called Gertrude.

Amy and her husband assisted the family greatly, and wanted Gertrude to live with them, but she would not consent.

It was June; the roses were all in bloom, and the world was filled with beauty.

Two years had passed since Willie Chessel had sailed for California.

"Poor Willie," thought Gertrude as she walked home. "I didn't answer his last letter; but I had better not write; I can never love him again!"

When she reached home she found the house in commotion.

The girls flew at her with a letter, and Mrs. Harcourt said "Read!" in a husky voice.

Read she did, and the letter was from a lawyer in San Francisco, who told her that Willie Chessel was dead, and as he had neither kith nor kin, had left his fortune—made by selling a rich mine he had discovered—of ten thousand pounds to the only woman who had ever gained his love, and he prayed she might be for ever happy.

Gertrude sat down and wept for the true loving friend that she had almost forgotten, then said, "Of course, I cannot touch one penny of his money. Willie believed that I still loved him!"

"Gertrude Harcourt, you have been the bane of my life! Refuse ten thousand pounds! You selfish, ungrateful girl! I suppose you want to see your mother and sisters starve!"

And her mother poured forth invectives on her daughter's head, and finally Gertrude said, after a flood of tears, "Take the money—you and the girls—do what you like with it; I will never touch a penny of it! I shall remain here and earn my living, only we cannot longer remain together. I will not longer be made miserable by you. Again for your selfishness, I will sacrifice principle; but I assure you it is the last time!"

So Mrs. Harcourt and her two youngest daughters took possession of Gertrude's legacy.

Amy came to see Gertrude, and begged her to give up work and come to live with them, but she would not; she would have been miserable were she dependent.

A month passed by. Gertrude walked sadly home, thinking how dark her life was. A shadow fell athwart the road. Looking up she found herself face to face with Horace Whitcomb.

"My darling, I have come again. What is your answer this time?"

"Oh, Horace!"

They were married in a few days, from Amy's home. Her mother looked with disapproval on her son-in-law, but said that "If Gertrude chose to throw herself away on a penniless barrister, it was no use to say a word; she was always so headstrong and selfish!"

Gertrude did choose, and when the family were alone, and all the guests gone, she looked up into her husband's face with love-lit eyes, said, "My face has been my fortune after all, and has brought me that most precious of all jewels—a loving marriage!"

"Humph!" said her mother; "and it is likely to be the only fortune you will ever have!"

"What care I?" said Gertrude, as she stood with her husband's arm around her.

The Merchant's Daughter.

BY JULIA A. GODDARD.

IN a darkened room lay dying a man, apparently in the prime of life. No wasting sickness had subdued him. A fever, of only a week's duration, was drinking his life's blood, as the fierce summer sun dries up the brook.

Beside him, a young girl, scarcely more than a child, was wringing her hands and sobbing wildly. Near her stood a young man, in the uniform of a French soldier, trying to calm the grief she seemed powerless to control.

"Hush, darling!" he whispered. "Your father's last moments must be made peaceful. Do not disturb him by these tears. Already his burden of sickness and sorrow is too great. Think how he would have you try to strengthen your mind against what is now inevitable. Look! he beckons you to his side."

"Nearer, Louise, nearer! I cannot hear your voice there. Bid Francis stand by my bed. Take her hand, Francis. Now promise me that you will never forsake my child. She is motherless, and will soon be fatherless. If you fail——"

The death-rattle was heard, and the soldier, kneeling by the bed, whispered in the dying ear words which lighted up the face with the last gleam that ever shone from it. A moment after the spirit had departed.

The young girl fainted, and was carried out in her lover's arms. He left her only to give directions about the body, and to prepare for the funeral, which was private as possible.

Louise never saw her father after the death bed scene. She could not look upon him in death.

M. Montaine had been once a rich merchant, largely engaged in the silk trade. A dishonest partner had ruined him; and the shock and disappointment threw him into a fever, which resulted as described.

Louise was penniless. Even her jewels went to help to pay the debts of the firm, the dishonest partner having absconded with available funds.

The young soldier, Francis Hartoise, had been attached to Louise ever since she was a child.

He had daily visited her father's house, and the little motherless child had become his betrothed, with the full consent of the father.

Since the ruin of his hopes, Montaine had generously offered to release him from his engagement to his daughter; but Francis was shocked and indignant at the proposal.

He had, a few months before, enlisted in one of the regiments organized by the great Bonaparte, whose success and enterprise the world was just beginning to recognise, and whom France had set up as her idol.

Scarcely had M. Montaine been committed to the tomb, when the summons came for the young soldier.

Bravely, as a soldier's betrothed wife should do, Louise encouraged him to go; although the separation was so terrible in her bereaved situation.

Francis returned from the battle of Montenotte; but how? Crippled, disfigured, the shadow of his former self, and with a vague doubt at his heart whether Louise would welcome him home.

Still, he had chartered all his hope of happiness in life upon this one fair bark; and if wrecked here, what was life to him?

Wrought up to frenzy by his doubts and fears, he was brought home in a raging fever, and carried to the house of a relative, where Louise had taken up her temporary abode.

The lady of the house informed her of his arrival, and of the state in which he had returned.

Louise went immediately to his bed-side, established herself as nurse, and was the first to greet him when reason returned.

To all his doubts and fears, she returned but one answer.

"Had this happened after we were married, should I have forsaken you? And is there any more reason that I should do so now?"

She calmed all his anxieties, assured him that she desired no other connection, and sought no greater happiness than to spend her life with him.

"But I am poor, my darling, very poor. France does not provide well for her maimed soldiers, when they are past being patched up for her service. How am I to maintain you as you have been accustomed to live?"

"I will tell you, Francis. I will go out as a governess for a year. My salary, which I shall not need to touch; will be sufficient to stock a pretty little shop, which we can keep together. I will do all the active service in it, while you shall keep accounts, or do anything you like."

"You are a brave girl, Louise. And you will sacrifice your fresh young life to a cripple?"

"Never say that again, Francis, if you love me. Dear, you would not have forsaken me for such a reason."

"Forgive me, Louise! Let it be as you say. But oh! how can I part with you for a whole year?"

Louise smiled.

"Only now you were talking of giving me up for life!"

"Well, my life would have been over in a very short time. Love, I cannot live without you!"

We can say little of that year, until it comes nearly to a close. Louise obtained a situation in the family of a widowed gentleman, and her salary was double what she expected, as the child she taught had no one to take care of her. Louise was mother, nurse, and governess.

Her dearest pleasure was to write to Francis. Every week these missives went freighted with all the love of her noble heart; and every week came the soldier's manly answers. Little did he know what a trouble was laid upon the generous girl's spirit, nor how she longed to break the yoke, only that if she did so their plans of a competence would be utterly ruined.

Her little pupil, Pauline, had a brother named Perouse, much older than herself—an only son, whose every desire had been gratified by the widowed father.

Such illimitable indulgence had made him a haughty, selfish sensualist—unworthy his doting parent's love, or the affection of his pure and gentle little sister.

One day he took an opportunity, when his father was absent, to declare his love for herself.

Her surprise kept her silent for a long while; and when at last she gained strength to speak, her answer seemed to madden him to desperation.

His condescension in offering himself to one whom he considered little better than an upper servant had been in vain, and he was correspondingly humiliated. Yet he persisted that she must and should marry him still.

The situation of Louise was now indeed trying and disagreeable. She had given her word that she would remain as Pauline's governess for a year.

She had looked forward to her salary as a means of subsistence for herself and another; and yet, she was so placed in regard to this man, that she would have given worlds to leave the house at once. At their interview, his tone of insolence had been unbearable.

"You defy me!" he had said. "Very well, you will live to repent it, mademoiselle."

"I do not fear you, monsieur. I am strong in a good conscience. I should be false to myself and another did I entertain your proposal for a moment."

"To another! I can divine why I am thus scorned, then. Who is this peerless being?"

"One whom I am not ashamed of, since every act of his life has been honorable. He is a soldier, monsieur—one who has fought and bled and nearly died for his country."

"And so I am refused for a deformed cripple!"

Louise colored with indignation.

"Monsieur is insolent. My friend has a soul in his poor, wounded body; which is more than can be said of some who are uninjured. If he is not so straight and noble-looking as formerly, it is because his bravery made him forget that he would not be so attractive to woman's eyes."

Her praises of her lover maddened Perouse. He was more insolent then ever.

Stung by his unmanly words, Louis hastened to the library, where she knew his father was then sitting. He received her with his usual polite manner.

"Monsieur, I have come to ask a favor of you. My time expires in a month; you will kindly suffer me to leave you now, without waiting for the end of the year!"

"Mademoiselle, your request is so strange and unexpected, that I hardly know what answer to give you. What will poor Pauline do?"

"She will be happier with a governess who has a lighter and less burdened heart than mine. I have cares in my old home, monsieur, that are weighing me down. I cannot do my duty to your child, under their pressure."

"Well, then, I must give a reluctant consent."

Her heart bounded with joy. She knew not what a terrible fate awaited her.

Monsieur Perouse' son had heard the conversation, having listened at the door. He was enraged beyond description that she was going. Once more he attempted to alter her decision. Surely she would consider it, he thought.

"Look, mademoiselle! just call up the image of your lame lover, and contrast it with mine;" and he planted himself directly before her in the hall, as she was on the point of escaping up-stairs.

With a look of inexpressible scorn, and contempt, she ran past him and flew up the other stairs to her chamber, locking the door hastily.

She came down to breakfast next morning, and found M. Perouse and the whole household in confusion. A robbery had been effected during the night, and plate, jewelry, and other valuables were missing.

The tormentor bowed as she entered, but she took no notice. She had just seated herself when he observed to his father:

"Will it not be necessary to search mademoiselle's trunks, as you have done with the rest of the servants?"

M. Perouse looked reprovingly at his son.

"We do not speak of Mademoiselle in that way, Auguste."

"Excuse me, father. True, she is a shade higher in the social scale; always providing that she is innocent of the theft as they are."

Unable to bear this, she rose and went to her room, followed by M. Perouse, Auguste, and the servants.

They proceeded to search her trunks; and lo! in the last one, at the bottom, were the missing things.

A wild cry at the sight, and Louise fainted.

When she recovered, an officer was waiting to bear her to prison.

How the dismal hours sped in that horrid abode, a French prison, she knew not.

She was taken out for trial, asserted her innocence in tones which despair made languid and indifferent, and was remanded to endure the horrors of her prison-house until the dreadful end.

Until the present century, stealing was a capital offence in France; and Louise, having no one to plead for and no evidence in her behalf, was sentenced to be executed.

So, on a morning when the June roses were blooming in Summer beauty, and the air of *la belle* France breathed nothing but perfumes, Louise Montaine, lovely and sweet as they, was led out to die by the hands of the hangman. But that functionary was not there.

A violent illness had seized him, and the work was deputed to a novice, who was awkward and confused. But the show proceeded, and the crowd that came to witness it had dispersed. A surgeon had purchased the body and it was conveyed to his apartments.

It was the twilight hour of that soft and sunny June day. All Paris was out of doors, enjoying the beautiful calm of that sweet hour.

Many were the remarks upon the tragedy of the morning, the sweet, patient look of the young maiden, who had suffered at the

hands of the hangman; and many a young heart throbbed wildly at the thought of those sufferings.

In a large lofty apartment sat Louis Lavalle the young surgeon of whose rare gifts and devotion to science all Paris was talking.

Such skill—such self-sacrifice! And the young man was deeply religious, and, at the same time, an enthusiast in his profession. Without knowing any of the circumstances, the person who supplied him with subjects had notified him that he should bring the body of a criminal to his rooms that afternoon; and when he returned from a consultation with some brother surgeons, he found it deposited upon a marble table, on which he performed those tasks which he deemed necessary to the furtherance of science.

The body was covered with a white cloth that hung to the floor. He lifted it reverently, as he always did. Death was sacred in his eyes. He knew what he meant when he spoke of "standing in the presence of the holy dead."

He was not at all prepared for the sight that met his eyes. A face, lovely and beautiful as an angel's; a form whose outline, as it lay beneath the sheet, was like the most perfect work of the sculptor; hands and arms pure and smooth as an infant's—how could he mar them?

As he gazed, an inexpressible yearning filled his soul. Had He still remained to that still image, and it had pleased Heaven to grant him the love of a heart such as might beat in such a frame, this pure, delicate being might have been his own.

Involuntarily, he laid his hand upon the heart. Heavens! was that the warmth of life?

Lavalle was scarcely himself for the first few moments. Had his wish warmed the statue into life?

He calmed himself again, and steadily and earnestly examined the subject.

There was warmth there. There was a heart-beat, faint but slow and regular.

To tear off the great white sheet, to wrap the form in his warm cloak, and lay it upon a sofa, was his first thought. The living must not be startled by the shroud of the dead.

Then, pouring some wine into a silver cup he moistened the pale lips, until they grew rosy once more. Warm as was the evening, he kindled a large fire, and drew the sofa near it.

A rosy flush began to suffuse the cheeks. Then he bethought himself of the kind old priest, whose room was next to his own, and he called him to assist him in his most welcome task.

On these two faces, the young girl opened her eyes. Bewildered, as she well might be when she remembered what had come to her in her last moment of sense and reason, she believed herself in heaven, and addressed the priest as if he were the Father to whom she had committed herself in her dying hour.

"Father, I am innocent! Have mercy on Thy child."

The deep and touching pathos with which she uttered those words drew tears from their eyes!

As she looked around upon the apartment, she seemed gradually to realize that she was still on earth; and then her two friends calmly told her what had happened.

Her emotions were irrepressible. She grasped a hand of each of her new friends, and wept as if her heart would break, from excess of joy.

Secrecy was now to be desired, in everything relating to her. The priest himself went to a ladies' clothing establishment, and purchased a complete suit of mourning, with a deep crape veil, and enveloped her whole figure.

Long before the morning dawned, Louis Lavalle's carriage was conveying them far away from Paris, towards the same provincial town which she once called her home.

On her way she confided to Louis her history, and told him of her lover's misfortunes. One sigh was given by her bearer to the new interest she had inspired in his heart; but he nobly led her into the presence of Francis.

It happened that this day was the termination of the year that Louise had set for her absence, and Francis had begun to look for her return.

When at length he had her to his heart, a sudden pang seized him on looking at the handsome Lavalle.

Louise saw the change in his looks, and immediately began to state her obligations, without explaining their precise nature. That was reserved for another hour.

"And now," said the old priest who had accompanied them, "the name of Louise Montaine must be lost from this hour. She must be married without delay, and the world must not know she exists."

Blushing through her tears, Louise gave her hand to Francis, whose amazement was only equalled by his delight at the termination of his fears.

The priest pronounced the marriage rite, and Louise and the old woman who kept house for Francis were the witnesses.

The priest's plan of keeping her existence secret was overruled by Louis Lavalle, who determined to establish her innocence, and expose the author of her sufferings.

He succeeded in so doing—Auguste Perouse receiving the full measure of scorn and obloquy he deserved from the public. In consideration of M. Perouse and little Pauline, Louise absolutely refused to have recourse to the law to punish her tormentor. She was satisfied to know that two generous friends had established her innocence everywhere.

When Napoleon rose to power, she had the happiness of seeing her soldier remembered by his general, and knowing that her own history was regarded with a tender interest by the Emperor, and the good Empress Josephine also.

The Proud Milkmaid.

BY HENRY FRITH.

ONCE upon a time—about a hundred years ago—upon a brilliant afternoon of September, a coach and four, covered with dust, had just stopped in front of the only tavern of a small village in France. The others were busy taking the harness from the jaded horses, and, amidst sundry ejaculations and impatient exclamations, were exchanging commentaries upon the rank or profession of the traveller.

The latter had disappeared with the host in the bright and cheerful kitchen where, in those days, guests and hosts used to partake together of the same fare.

After giving his orders for a bountiful repast, and adding that he wanted it in a hurry, as he wished to reach, before night, a large town, somewhat distant, he had sauntered along the street, gazed at by the children at play, and by the old women spinning in front of their dwellings.

All were delighted to have such an event as a "traveller" to discuss.

His whole appearance denoted the rich man; the ruffles on his bosom and wrists were of the finest fabric, wide and undulating with rare old lace; his hands, white and small, showed no signs of hard work; his step, even, had that saunter and ease which tell of no obligation to hurry, and bespeak the man owner of his time, subservient to no one.

He was a young man; perhaps not over twenty-two. His clear blue eyes and fair complexion showed, at a glance, his northern origin. His features were regular, his figure was tall and straight, his whole appearance noble.

The stranger was quietly walking along the little village street, and soon had reached its last house, prettily enclosed by a little garden filled with the flaunting blossoms of the hollyhocks and sunflowers.

Here the street was merging itself into a lane meandering among meadows, and crossed by bubbling brooks, all fragrant with the many tiny flowers of the fields, and here and there overarched by the luxuriant wild pear-trees.

It was near sunset; the lowing of the cows and the tinkling of their bells was heard everywhere. The fields were alive with the boys and girls driving the cattle home.

It was that cheerful hour of the day when every object is tinged with the brightest shade, and the sun, before disappearing, turns everything to gold. The traveller was enchanted.

He had, five days before, left the busy city of Paris, and every scene of rustic life scarcely less busy or less gay than Paris. Here, at last, he could refresh eyes and mind; and he was feasting on that peaceful agitation of country life.

Just as he was turning from the main road into a narrow path running along the laughing brook, he saw, coming across the meadow, a young girl carrying on her head a pail of milk.

She must have been wonderfully fair and lovely, that rustic milkmaid, to arrest and rivet the attention of a young man so used to the beauties of the metropolis city.

Never had he seen such perfection of of features and such gracefulness of form. Her bare arms raised to steady the pail poised on her head, though sunburnt, were faultless in the shape.

The rounded outlines of her bust, and the beauty of the ankle and foot, which neither shoe nor stocking concealed; the noble and graceful head, the bright red lips, and beaming eyes—nothing escaped the attention and scrutiny of the stranger.

He was at first spell-bound, little thinking he should meet with such rare beauty in such a rustic garb; but soon recovering thought and speech; he jumped over the low fence that divided the path from the the meadow, and coming up to the young girl he addressed her, as in those days one of his class in life thought fit to address a pretty country lass.

His first words were not heeded, only the girl gave him an astonished and somewhat scornful glance, which must have enhanced her beauty tenfold, for the young man expressed his admiration in warm and plain language, and ventured on some proposals which, in his gay life in the capital, he had never known to be refused.

What must have been his astonishment when the young girl, who had not uttered a single word yet, took the milk-pail from her head, and throwing its contents into the young man's face, exclaimed:

"That's your answer, impertinent fellow!" And leaving him thus deluged, she quickly walked off.

There was no further travelling that night; nor the next day, nor for many days after. The energetic answer of the insulted girl had touched a vibrating chord in our young man's heart.

From mere sensual admiration his feelings had turned to respect. It was so novel an adventure that he resolved to follow it to the end.

On that very night, after he had announced his wish to stay at the inn for a few days, he made inquiries about the young girl. She was well known as the "beautiful Petronella," and better known as the proudest girl in the country; one to whom no one dared to offer the least familiarity, and whose so-called low birth was hidden under her spotless character.

Our traveller went to the small farmhouse where she lived with her old parents, the youngest of four children, and the only daughter.

He saw her there; he apologized to her, he spoke to her with the respect he felt, and, at last, after many a parley and discussion with the old people, the young girl was taken to a superior school, there to be educated; taught to read, and write, and embroider on satin—the three principal of a lady's education in those plain and easy days.

Three years did she stay there, until the day she became twenty.

On that day, and by the pastor of the village church, she was married to the young man whom she had so bravely repulsed, and whose patient waiting and deferential courtship were fully rewarded by the loveliness and rare beauty of his rustic bride; they had lost nothing of their perfection by being taught how to shine.

The milkmaid became the wife of the rich banker, and many a year adorned his princely mansion. Nature had made her a lady, and circumstances gave her lady's attire.

ABOUT THE EMPEROR.—The following anecdotes of the late Emperor of Russia are taken from Mr. Hare's "Studies in Russia": A young poet had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libelled not only the Empress, but also all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the Empress. "The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said; "it is not a case for delay."

"Oh, no!" said the Empress; "wait a little, but tell the man I desire to see him at six o'clock to-morrow evening."

When the poor man was told this, he felt as if his last hour had come, and that the Emperor must intend himself to pronounce a sentence of eternal exile.

He went to the palace, and was shown through all the grand state-rooms, one after another, without seeing anyone, till at last he arrived at a small commonplace room at the end of them all, where there was a single table with a lamp upon it, and here he saw the Empress, the Emperor, and all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses whom he had mentioned in his poem.

"How do you do, sir?" said the Emperor. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses to come that they may have the pleasure of hearing you."

The poor man prostrated himself at the Emperor's feet. "Send me to Siberia, sire," he said; "force me to become a soldier; only do not compel me to read that poem."

"Oh, sir, you are cruel indeed to refuse me the pleasure, but you will not be so ungallant as to refuse the Empress the pleasure, of hearing your verses, and she will ask you herself."

And the Empress asked him.

When he had finished she said, "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. He need not go to Siberia just yet."

A nobleman had entered into a conspiracy against the Emperor, and was sentenced to Siberia. His eyes were bandaged, and he was put in a dark carriage, and for seven days and nights they travelled on and on, only stopping to take food. At last he felt that they must have reached Siberia, and, in the utmost anguish, he perceived that the carriage stopped and the bandage was taken off his eyes, and . . . He was in his own house! He had been driven round and round St. Petersburg the whole time; but the fright quite cured him.

Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs, the man who was able, by this individual act, to benefit a greater number of the human race than anyone who lived, met with a more frightful end than any of his predecessors; but the sympathy and grief of Christendom followed him to the grave, in which he lies with the hair of his morganatic wife, Princess Dolgorouky, cut off after death, upon his breast. His sarcophagus is covered with a pall, inscribed simply, "His Imperial Majesty, Alexander II."

IN A MOSQUE.—A Mosque is to a Moslem not merely a place of prayer; it is a home to the homeless, a retreat for the idle, and a center of trade for the industrious. In the porticoes barbers ply their razors. Under the arches beggars sleep and eat; yet the inner place of prayer is always cool and still. The Mosque of El Azhar is the great university of Cairo, with 11,000 students registered yearly on its roll. Its interior presents a scene which would drive to insanity the entire faculty of an American college. Cross legged upon the floor of its immense court are seated the students—gray bearded men, gaily-dressed youths, ragged boys.

MARRIED, at Baltimore, Md., Rev. Thomas Myers, aged 80, and Mrs. Elvina M. Hall, aged 55, they had been lovers in youth, but Cupid twice drew ends off upon a false scent. Eight sons and daughters, ten grand-children and four great-grandchildren witnessed the ceremony and threw a young shoe after them for luck.

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Our Young Folks.

"KNUCKLE DOWN!"

BY R. PEYTON WARD.

"KNUCKLE down, Rex Vyner, and play fair!" exclaimed Frank Ormond.

"I am—don't get waxy because we're winning, Frank," Rex replied.

They were playing partners, Rex Vyner and Darcy Grey against Frank Ormond and Will Mort. Rex made his shot, and sent two marbles out of the ring.

"Dubs!" he exclaimed, exultingly.

"You didn't knuckle down a bit, and you 'fudged' like anything!" cried out Frank Ormond.

"No, he didn't," said Darcy Grey, Rex's partner.

"Yes, he did," said Will Mort. "If you two fellows can't play fair, we'll leave off."

"That's just an excuse, Will. We're winning, and you're afraid to go on."

"We're not afraid, but we're not going to play any longer, anyhow. We'll just have what's in the ring," said Frank, and as he spoke he made a grasp at the marbles still in the ring.

But Rex had his hand on them as quickly as Frank, and in a moment a struggle between the two boys had begun.

They were both good friends, though opponents in the game that had just been going on. But now the tempers of both were up.

They wrestled together, each striving to wrest the marbles from the other's grasp, while Will Mort and Darcy Grey looked on, interested and excited.

"You give up my white alley, Vyner. It's the last time you'll ever play with it!" cried Frank Ormond, hotly.

The two were now separate again. Each held a number of marbles in his hand, and they stood and glared at each other with angry eyes.

"Take your old alley—who wants it?" Rex answered, and he opened his right hand to choose Frank's alley from the other marbles. But it was gone.

"Why, what can have become of it?" he said, in perplexity. "I had it in my hand a moment ago."

"Oh, come now, none of that! Just give it up, will you?" said Frank.

"I tell you I haven't got it. It must have dropped."

Rob searched about on the ground, and the others looked too.

But they failed to find the little white alley.

It was a favorite "taw" of Frank's—a white alley prettily veined with red, like marble.

Frank had lent it to Rex at the beginning of the game, which had started on perfectly amicable terms.

"It must be somewhere, you know, Rex, and it isn't about here anywhere," said Frank, in a hard, cold voice.

"You don't suppose I want to keep your taw, Frank Ormond? You don't think I would steal it?"

"Then where is it?"

"I tell you I don't know. It is very strange."

"It is—very," replied Frank, in the same tone.

"Come, Rex, no more beating about the bush. Give Frank up his alley."

"Once and for all, I haven't got it."

"I don't believe you, Rex Vyner," said Frank, looking steadily in his schoolfellow's face, "and I didn't think you could be so mean. I don't care about the alley. I wouldn't take it back from you now at any price. Come along, Will. We'll leave those two fellows, and I reckon we'll be pretty slow to play 'Little Ring' with either of them again."

Frank and Will turned away, and left their two opponents alone.

"I've not done with Frank Ormond yet," said Rex, his eyes fairly flashing and his teeth hard set. "He's as good as called me a thief and a story-teller, and there's not a fellow in Thorpfield I'll take that from. Wait till school's over this afternoon, we'll see who's the best man."

"No, I don't see how you can stand it, old chap, I must say; though it's a pity a row should get up between two friends over a game of marbles."

"It wasn't my fault. You know yourself we were playing quite fair, only they got savage because we were winning. I wouldn't give a brass nail for the fellow who can't keep his temper over any game."

The above took place during the midday recess.

School was over at four o'clock. It had been a hot afternoon, work of every kind had dragged slowly and heavily all day, and when the school bell rang for dismission there was a simultaneous rush for the playground, as of a flood of waters, long pent up, bursting to be free.

Thorpfield School stood on a wooded slope—that is, the ground behind the house was feathered with pine and larch; in front there was a long stretch of grass-land trending down to the valley.

Just at the foot of the slope, a railway line ran, easily seen from the school.

Out of the playground in I down the slope rushed a number of the boys, while others made for the wooded hills at the back.

Among the former were Frank and Will Mort.

"What are you going to be up to till tea," Darcy Gray asked of Rex Vyner.

"I don't know. I don't feel like cricket, do you? Let's stroll down to the river."

The two boys sauntered down the slope arm-in-arm, in the wake of their more impetuous companions. They crossed the railway lines and passed in the field immediately beyond. Here their schoolfellows had pitched their wickets, and were beginning to play.

The Thorpfield boys sometimes played cricket in this field though it was not their regular ground.

Rex and Darcy sat down to watch the game for awhile. They did not intend to take any part in it, for Frank Ormond and Will Mort were the leaders of the game.

All the afternoon Rex Vyner had been revolving in his mind how he could establish a downright ground of quarrel with Frank Ormond—something that could only be settled by "trial by combat."

Frank's words were rankling bitterly in his heart, but as yet he had not quite fixed upon his plan of action.

Frank and Will had tossed for sides. Will's side went first to the wickets, and Will himself was in.

Frank was fielding "long-on," when Will lifted a ball high into the air in the direction of the former.

It was a capital hit, the ball rising high over Frank's head, and falling on the other side of the fence dividing the field from the railway lines.

In a minute Frank was over the fence. The ball lay right on the rails. Rex and Darcy were sitting with their backs against the fence, quite close to where Frank had got over.

Both the boys had risen to watch where the ball fell, for they could not but admire Will Mort's fine hit.

"Why, he's surely not going for the ball? Doesn't he see? There's the train coming!" Rex exclaimed suddenly. And then the two boys shouted together—

"Frank, Frank! look out! Here's the train!"

But Frank appeared to give no heed, and was already crossing the rails. By this time all the rest were at the fence, and watching Frank in terrified amazement.

The train was full in sight, having just turned a sudden curve—the "express" for the west—tearing down the incline fifty miles an hour.

Rex Vyner was over the fence. As Frank stooped forward to grasp the ball, Rex saw him stumble and fall, and lie prone across the rails. He rushed on, and the next moment was grasping Frank by the feet.

There was a roar as if thunder in his ears.

For one moment he looked up, and beheld the black engine bearing down upon him—not a dozen yards off it seemed to him in that terrible moment, though it was really a mile farther.

In a sudden flash of instinct or inspiration rather than any other process of the mind, he struck Frank's body sideways, so as to lie parallel with the rails, and fell flat down beside him.

A roar in their ears as of the crash of a thousand waterfalls, a blackness as of midnight, and then after what seemed an hour, but was really a single moment, the roar died away and left a dull, stunning sound on their senses.

A ring of boys encircled Rex and Frank, and a dozen arms were stretched out to raise them.

Were they dead, or what? No, not dead. Each presently opened his eyes and gazed around with a dazed and bewildered look, as though they were awakening from a sleep of years, and all the world were strange to them. The train had just cleared them, the sub-pan of the engine all but brushing them.

"Are you hurt, either of you?" exclaimed Darcy Grey, eagerly.

"I don't think I am," Frank answered slowly. "But I feel awfully queer, as if I'd just come out of a trance or something."

"Yes, something like that, and deaf too. All you fellows' voices sound as if you were miles away, said Rex.

"That is pass away. But what an escape you've had!" Will Mort said.

"What in the world made you go for the ball when the train was so close, Frank?" Darcy Grey said.

"I didn't notice it was so close—I thought I should have time. But it was awful careless of me."

"Your forehead is bleeding; you've got a nasty cut."

"It isn't deep. I fell on the rail just as I got hold of the ball, and felt stunned for a moment. If it hadn't been for Rex I should have lain there right across the line, and then——"

Frank shuddered visibly, and did not finish.

"It was wonderfully cool of you, Rex, to think of doing what you did at a time like that," said Will Mort.

"It flashed upon my mind in a moment, I hardly know how, that I had once heard some one tell a story of a man who saved himself from a train in that way.

"I think he was deaf, and, walking along the line, didn't hear the train coming.

"I remember the person who told the story said that if the man hadn't been deaf he would perhaps have been made so by the roar of the train over him; but I hope that's not going to be the case with Frank or me."

"Well, it was certainly curious how the story should have come back to you just at that moment, but they say that in great danger people remember all sorts of things very quickly," said Darcy.

Rex and Frank slept in the same dormitory.

That evening, as the two were preparing for bed, Frank said—

"I can't say what I meant to this afternoon, Rex—I can't now. It gives me a cold shudder when I think of what would have happened but for your courage and presence of mind. And I didn't deserve it from you either."

"Deserve it, Frank! You don't think a fellow would recollect for one moment a miserable little dispute at a time like that; and I was waxy before, too."

"It was splendid of you all the same, Rex. It was quite as much as your life was worth."

Rex threw his coat on the back of a chair, undressing.

Something about the coat struck the wood with a hard, sharp sound.

Rex took it up again and felt about the pockets. A few inches below the outside breast-pocket he felt a small round hard substance.

There was a small hole in his pocket, he discovered, and presently he got at the marble—for that was what it was—which had slipped through.

"Why, here's your little white alley," he exclaimed. "It has dropped through a hole in my pocket and stuck in a little wadding that seems to be in the lining."

"But however could it have got there?" said Frank.

"Easily enough. In our scrimmage it must have got jerked out of my hand into my pocket. The soft lining has prevented my feeling it. But there's the little rascal now, the cause of all our disagreement."

"Not altogether, Rex. We mustn't blame the alley too much. I was stupidly angry before that because you were winning. It was miserably mean of me. You were playing fair enough all the time, and I knew it. It is I who feel now as if I couldn't 'knuckle down' too much."

A MAN IN BLACK.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"SIR," said a mysterious man with whom I became acquainted the other day, near Westminster Abbey, "I will confide in you. I will tell you why you always see me in mourning. About seven years and a half ago, I was forty-three years old, with no business, and a very small income to live on—though I had a consumptive nephew, whose property, when he died, must revert to me.

"That hope cheered me somewhat; but it couldn't pay my debts. I sat down one day and argued thus, in the respectable attic where I lodged and cooked for myself, though I was not able to do my own washing and ironing:—'This comparatively poor but highly estimable man, Raymond Robury, Esquire, has a weak constitution, no business, and no business tact nor desires. Let me preserve his precious boon of life and his precious little means, by doing no labor and risking no ventures.' With this preamble and resolution, I then proceeded to compare my income with my very modest expenses.

"I found both were absolute, and the expenses rather the more so, for they were ahead; and I also found that, according to my plan, somebody must trust me. But who?

"Who, of all, were to be singled out as the one or ones who must trust? By due process of reasoning how was I to effect it? The answer was simple: my misfortunes must do it."

"Your misfortunes! How, in the name of cash on delivery, could your misfor——"

"Your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, but I will tell you. Having made all safe in other respects, by honest calculation, I started out, with my misfortune in my mouth, and I in a seedy suit, to get another; and as I was to be a mourner, of course, my choice was bran-new and black throughout.

"I went to a large tailor to whom I was entirely unknown, and told him I wanted a black suit, for my father was dead. He bowed, and looked serious—but I could see it wasn't for me nor my father, but for money and himself. So I anticipated his question by telling him I could not pay immediately, but I was very respectably connected; and I mentioned several distant relations of mine who were rich—they were very distant and very rich, and meant to keep so, but I did not tell him that."

"Was he satisfied?"

"Yes—that it was not safe to trust me. He told me he was sorry for my loss, and my emergency, and referred me to another tailor, who had just lost a father; and, perhaps, he would do the thing for me, out of sympathy. I went, told my loss, and my want, and that angel thrust me into a ready-made black suit immediately, with tears in his eyes, and was too delicate to mention the price, or when he expected me to call and pay. He well knew that a man who has lost a father is in no mood to talk about money-matters.

"And you had lost a father?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I had! It was a very good suit, but it began to get a trifle too rusty for a gentleman at the end of six months; and alas! I was forced to put on a funeral face again."

"What! Got trusted for another black suit?"

"Yes, sir; for mother was dead."

"Sad, sad, sad misfortune that!"

"Ah, yes, sir! I found it more of a misfortune than when my father was dead, for I met with greater difficulty in getting a suit this time than before. I went to quite a dozen, I think, clothing-marts, and told how my mother was dead, and even went into details, and said I must have a black suit without unnecessary loss of time.

"But they put me off, sir, kept putting me off, some saying there was no question on their part that I wanted a black suit, and in a hurry, too; but the point at issue was as to where—not when, but where I was to get it. Mournful as I felt, I didn't stop long to argue; but issuing forth, by mere good luck I came across a man whose mother was not dead, but dying. To him I told my story—my mother was already dead, and I asked him how he would feel if he hadn't the good fortune to be a tailor who could wear a dozen new black suits at once, if he liked, to his mother's funeral, and he should be forced, for want of instant funds, to show a rusty and unfilial disrespect.

"This man didn't cry or give them ready-made; but he did what was better. He didn't inquire my means, but took my promise to pay, no time stated; and two days afterwards I walked out of his shop, sporting my new black suit, fitting like a glove, sir, and a new crape round my hat, that he gave me, and put on himself."

"You talk as if you were elated!"

"I was very much elated, with the most grateful emotions, towards that man; and I am proud to state that his mother took a turn and did not die, to pay him for his kindness to me.

"Well, sir, that suit and the other lasted me, together, a year longer and then——"

"Your uncle died?"

"No, sir; I never had an uncle. My grandfather was dead."

"And did he get you a new suit of clothes?"

"I may say he did; that is, after he was dead, and after a fashion."

"Somehow the news that my grandfather was dead did not work so strongly upon anybody's feelings, which was, perhaps, natural, when we consider that the grandfather of a man who is forty-five years old is not so much of a loss as to warrant creditable it might be to him to have lived so long."

"But what effect did the death of your grandfather produce?"

"It killed him for one thing. It produced to me, after considerable mourning and negotiation, a black suit by driblets—a pair of trousers in one place, a pair of gloves in another, a waistcoat here, and a necktie there."

"Five places!"

"And hard work at that."

"Have any more of your relations died since then? For you have kept up your mourning, and it has always seemed to me nearly as good as new."

"Only numerous acquaintances have died during the interval, until lately; but some of them died under such affecting circumstances, that human hearts must have been made of stone not to have enabled me to keep in constant trim for a funeral, after I had represented my case."

"You were fortunate, Mr. Robury, in obtaining credit on these occasions; and still you were, indeed, very unfortunate to have lost a father, a mother, and a grandfather, within these few years."

"Oh, no; that is a mistake of yours. My last grandfather died thirty years ago, and my father and mother, though they were really dead, as I told the tailors, were just as dead when I was quite a boy. However I have proved my honest intent. I have come into possession of a snug fortune, and squared up handsomely all round, and I am not ashamed to tell you names. Good morning, sir—good morning!"

I laughed, and congratulated Mr. Robury on the recent death which seemed to have given him new life and a fresh suit of mourning; and then went home, wondering whether rogues ever thought themselves to blame, as there are such widely-opposite minds, and to many which, by nature or education, reason justification for themselves, whatever they may do.

WALKING THROUGH FIRE.—We do not remember to have met before any description of the ceremony of walking through fire which Colonel Welsh witnessed at Bangalore, and which will be novel to most of our readers. The Colonel, in his "Military Reminiscences," says:—"I was invited by the Hindoos of our corps to see the ceremony of walking through the fire; I mounted my horse, accompanied by Captain Pepper, and rode to the spot, in rear of the native lines, where an oblong pit was prepared, eighteen feet by twelve. I am not aware of its depth, because on our arrival it was full of live coals perfectly red hot. A procession then arrived on the opposite side, and every one of them either walked or danced deliberately through the fire lengthways, having only two landing-places in the centre of each of the smallest faces.

"This fire was actually so intense that we could not approach its margin, but sat on our horses at a few yards' distance, watching every motion. I had seen a little, and heard much more, of this strange feat, but never had such an opportunity of positive proof before. It was in the middle of the Holy Feast, and I understood the particular ceremony was in honor of the small-pox deity, Mariman, to whom they sacrifice a cock before they venture in the furnace. Then, besmeared all over with some yellow stuff they go back and forward, both quick and slow, without any apparent suffering; and one man carried an infant on his shoulders, which did not even cry.

"The puppets of this extraordinary show were of all ages; and I saw a very fine boy slip down at the landing-place and the others pulled him up injured immediately. I have now stated the fact from ocular demonstration; it remains for chemists to explore the nature of the stuff with which they are besmeared, for every Christian will at once attribute this apparent miracle to the true cause, and give them due credit for a very subtle trick. I never could get any native explain this; and I suspect that the Mussulmans, who can have no interest in keeping up the deception, are quite as ignorant of the means used as we are."

A LITTLE method is worth a great deal of memory.

IN THE SERE.

BY C. S. R.

There is a double law, though out of joint
With other laws that man and nature sway,
That when man's heart attains its highest point
Of worth, his frame is sapped by strange decay.

Or, when abnormal lustre of the mind
Shines from the youthful and the immature,
The tower of life by death is undermined—
The walls look solid, but their fall is sure.

It is not when the life is in the bloom,
And grace and vigor are the creature's dower;
But when the step is turned toward the tomb
The soul within puts forth its grandest power.

The frame of too slight fibre oft is made
For the keen mind that dwells and works beneath,
Like some bright sabre, whose too trenchant blade
Cuts through the texture of the encasing sheath.

The same strange law in nature's realm we see,
Whose ways our sense of harmony confound;
While clustering grapes in ripe bloom crown the tree,
The yellow leaves are hurrying to the ground.

The faith and hope of God's saint, as he dies,
Becomes more sure and steadfast, bright and clear;
It is the sinking sun that paints the skies—
The gold that comes not till the leaf is sere.

ORIENTAL FLOWER LORE.

During a residence of some years in the East I have had abundant opportunities of studying the folk lore of the people inhabiting the vast empire of China, the Malay peninsula and the adjoining islands, and I have found their lore to be of the profoundest interest and importance.

The facts which I shall now submit to the reader have not been culled at second-hand from the writings of travelers or stay-at-home translators, but were gleaned from the lips and homes of the people themselves, or during my personal residence in the East, where I had every opportunity of verifying the results of my investigations. As being the most familiar to Europeans, we will begin with the use of the orange, a plant which, by reason of its bearing fruit and flowers at the same time, and during the greater part of the year, has been taken as the symbol of fertility and prosperity. In China the word for a "generation" is dai; in Japan the same word means both "generation" and "orange."

Now see the way in which the language of fruits and flowers speaks out in the East. When the new year arrives the Japanese adorn their houses with branches of orange, plum, bamboo and pine, each of which being placed over the entrance, has a symbolic meaning.

The orange, called dai dai, represents the idea of perpetuity, or the wish that there may be dai dai—generation on generation—to keep up the family name. The bamboo signifies constancy, as it is a wood which never changes its color; the pine tree symbolizes perpetual joy; while the plum tree, blossoming in the cold weather, encourages man to rejoice in time of trouble, and hope for better days.

In China there are many kinds of oranges, one of which is known as kat. Hundreds of years before Christ this name was in use in China, as we know from its mention in the classic writings of that land. In Fuchau this word takes the form of kek, and in other parts of the empire will be pronounced somewhat differently still, but whether it be kat, or kek, or kih, the syllable has a lucky meaning. Consequently, when the new year arrives, the people procure large quantities of these oranges, in order that they may be able to express to their friends who call to see them their wish that good luck may attend them during the coming year. This they do by handing them an orange, and the lads who at this season pay a number of visits to their relatives and friends, come off well, as it would be considered both mean and improper to send away a guest without such a token of good will.

There is in bloom at this season a sweet little daffodil, which is a great favorite with the people, and sells by thousands in Canton and other large cities. It bears the name of "water fairy flower," and is cultivated in pots and stands of ornamental design filled with pebbles and water. A list of fairy flowers, is such as are by name and tradition in China associated with these "spirits of small folks."

The tree peony, the chrysanthemum, and other winter flowering plants, are also much sought after at this time, and each has its meaning. The costliness of the former has led to its being designated by the Cantonese as "the rich man's flower," while the chrysanthemum is such a favorite in Japan as to give its name to one of their greatest festivals.

I must not omit here to mention the citron, famous for the curious fruit it bears. This fruit, the peel of which is employed among ourselves in a candied form for flavoring certain confectioneries at Christmas, grows in a very strange fashion. Though it belongs to the orange and lemon family, yet one variety has fruits of monstrous shapes, very nearly resembling in form the hand of Buddha, with two of the fingers bent in a novel manner, as represented in the paintings of that divinity. On this account the fruit bears the name of Buddha's hand.

This peculiarity, arising from the carpels or divisions of the fruit being more or less separated from each other and covered with a common rind, has led to the custom of placing it in porcelain and other costly dishes before the household gods, or on the altars in the temples at this particular season.

It should be noted that while some fruits are specially agreeable to the gods, others are regarded as altogether unfit for their use. Sometimes the fruit is tabooed because of its smell, while its color, time and place of growth, shape and use, all have weight in coming to a decision.

In Penang, some years ago, I had the opportunity of attending an important festival at the little shrine near the famous waterfall, at the time of the new year, and I then observed that bananas and cocoanuts were the most acceptable offerings, and as the devotees came and presented them at the temple, the priest would cleave the nut in two and divide the bunch of bananas, returning half to the worshipper.

L. T.

Grains of Gold.

Opportunity is the cream of time.

If we were more thoughtful we would be kinder.

People on the same level in life sneer at each other.

He is a strong man who can hold down his opinion.

Men swear more from habit than from a sin-warped mind.

The way of every man is declarative of the end of every man.

For one virtue that makes us walk, how many vices make us run.

Regret is the water with which we sprinkle the plants of our folly.

Virtue is a flower which blooms only in the garden of righteousness.

In diving to the bottom of pleasures, we bring up more gravel than pearls.

A lie is always on the down grade, but the truth you have to hitch an engine to.

Good is never more effectually performed than when it is produced by slow degrees.

A good moral character is oftimes not appreciated if not covered by good clothes.

The Christian is like the ripening corn—the riper he grows the more lowly he bends his head.

Men are generally deserted in adversity. When the sun sets, our very shadows refuse to follow us.

Poverty is the load of some, and wealth is the load of others—perhaps the greater load of the two.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged on him for doing it.

Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when alone. This, to a great degree, moulds the man.

There is a world of difference between being independent and being disagreeable, though many people get the two badly mixed.

Some people act as if they intended sneaking into heaven through a knot-hole, and trust to luck in squaring accounts when discovered.

If we never spoke of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back, there would be an end to flattery and defamation.

Look into the life and temper of Christ, described and illustrated in the gospel, and see if you can find anything like it in your own life.

If some people understood human nature better, and realized their own weakness more, they would not be so broad in their censure of others.

He who is able and willing to say "No" firmly whenever the case of right requires it, will say "Yes" with a fuller and richer meaning at all other times.

When amiability descends to weakness, it loses all claims to respect or admiration. To be worthy of regard it must be strong, and to be strong it must stand upon a solid foundation.

It is not sufficient to constitute ourselves just men and women that we may strictly pay our debts, keep our promises, and fulfil our contracts, if at the same time we are stern where we should be kind, hard where we should be tender, cold where we should be sympathetic; for then we pay only half our debts, and repudiate the other half.

Femininities.

The very newest note paper and envelopes are yellow.

There are now 13,661 young women students in the colleges of the United States.

Cleopatra, the famous Queen of Egypt, had blue eyes, according to a German professor.

Death recently ended a Lawrence, Mass., woman's fast of between thirty and forty days.

In Russia the black diamond is broken into flakes, polished, and worn as court-mourning.

If women and men strove as hard to please each other after marriage as they did before, divorces would be unknown.

We would like to explain why a woman who tells fortunes by means of cups, should be called a sorceress: but we can't.

"There'll be no parting there," said Melinda, as she laid another handful of her husband's hair in the bureau drawer.

The Countess of Dufferin has taken the active direction of a society to furnish native Indian women with female doctors.

Most men consider themselves above par, women below, and act as if the latter were in the world from necessity—not choice.

When a woman misses a chance for contradicting her husband, it is a sure sign that she is working him for some new dry-goods.

A craze for short hair has seized hold of the young women of Rochester, N. Y., and is reported to be spreading over the country.

Girls who marry young have the longer to repent. Girls who marry late in life have the less time to enjoy the result of their prudence.

An exchange has the headline: "Where Does Lying Begin?" Sometimes it begins just about where a woman passes her twentieth birthday.

Is it true that, when washing their faces, men always rub up and down and snort, while women apply the water and then stroke gently downward?

More women die from over-work than laziness; and if some of them would bridle their tongues and save more shoe leather, they would be happier.

The residence of an Omaha woman consists of an old organ box, with a dry-goods box for an extension, and a broken milk-can in one side for an oven.

The name Emma itself conveys luck. Emma Albini, Emma Nevada, Emma Thursby, Emma Juch, and Emma Abbott, all high sopranos, and all successful.

The Town Council of Exeter, England, has just issued a circular, which has been sent round to the women of the city, instructing them how to bring up babies.

"It takes a superior woman to be an old maid," says Miss Sedgwick, the authoress. But a very inferior man can make them change their minds without half trying.

A bride in Dover, an Ohio township, was so overcome by excitement during the marriage ceremony, recently, that she fainted upon its conclusion, and has since been very ill.

A shrewd Louisville girl hurried up things wonderfully by assuring her young man that she despised those females who continue to eat ice cream after they are married.

"I wish my wife wasn't a politician," said Sniffkins, sadly. "Why?" asked his friend. "Is she a Democrat?" "No, she's a bolter. She won't let me in after half-past ten o'clock at night."

Ladies as poor law guardians have found a legitimate sphere of public work, and in England and Scotland there are no less than forty-six. In London there are sixteen, and in Edinburgh nine.

A Wisconsin woman accuses her husband of trying to persuade her to commit suicide in a manner that would enable him to collect for their children the amount of an insurance policy on her life.

The latest claimants for the honor of being the "oldest pair of twins" are Mrs. Katharine Rider and Mrs. Betsy Brazie, of Schoharie county, New York, who celebrated their 90th birthday last month.

"When I marry," said a budding schoolgirl, "I'll want a tall, fine-looking man." "There's where you're wrong, sis," said her more practical sister. "You'll have less trouble watching an ugly man, and enjoy more of his company."

"Just to think," said a Vassar graduate, "here is an account of a train being thrown from the track by a misplaced switch. How utterly careless some women are about leaving their hair around." And she went on reading and eating caramels.

"How Love is Made in Persia," is the title of a recent article. It is probably made there of the same component parts as here—that is, millionaire's daughter, one part; impecunious nobleman, one part; desire for title, forty-nine parts; desire for wealth, forty-nine parts. Mix.

Forbearance is the keynote of married life. There can be no great discord, no large divergences from tunefulness, so long as the husband forbears and the wife forbears. Now, this cannot be attained without some labor. Results are approached gradually in character, as they are in making a sand-hill.

A Camden widower to a Camden widow: "It's no use beating about the bush. I have been married before, and so have you. My father has given me a house which is worth $10,000, and I want a wife. If you have me, you will have the entire charge of the business." Is it any wonder that this simple eloquence went to her heart?

A prize fight was arranged between two young women in Australia. The pugilists came up defiant and jaunty for the first round, which ended in a mutual knock-down, each receiving a blow squarely in the nose. At the expiration of the allowable interval the referee called "Time!" but the antagonists had lost all vim, and both were weeping over the possible disfigurement of their faces—a calamity compared with which the loss of the fight was nothing.

Masculinities.

A bachelor's face is often the worst for wear—a married man's for wear and tear.

Bellton, Ga., claims that "not one of its inhabitants swears or uses profane language."

A physician of Hammonton, N. J., has four sons who have adopted the medical profession.

A Glen Cove, L. I., man is the owner of a rooster that catches mice as well as any cat in the place.

Blinders, which are a torture to horses, are said to have been invented for the English nobility to put their coat-of-arms on.

A colored farmer in Laurens county, S. C., recently lost his mule, and has since, it is said, been using his two boys to pull the plow.

Mr. C. W. Baker, of Rochester, N. Y., presented a crew of seven men who had rescued him and a friend from drowning, with 25 cents.

In a New York store the girl clerks, being suspected of a petty theft, organized a vigilance committee and caught the villain, who was a full-grown man.

An Arizona paper says: "The American hog holds his own." We have noticed this, and also the fact that he generally says the next seat to him is engaged.

If a tradesman in Madagascar gives short weight, and is found out, he is sentenced to pay a fine of five oxen and $5, or go to prison and work in chains for one year.

A Chicago art critic went recently to an exhibition and returned discontented. He discovered that out of 200 oil paintings, 200 had woman for subject, and only 20 chose man.

A medical journal says that single women have the headache more than married ones. That may be; but don't married men have the headache oftener than single ones?

The Duc de Montpensier is said to be the possessor of a large royal fortune in Europe, and will probably bequeath it all to the Countess de Paris. His only living son is an invalid imbecile.

If the reaper, Death, should come with his sickle to cut down all the bad men and women in the world at one great swing of the long arm, there would be but few men left to tell the story.

A reformed burglar delivered a lecture to a large and sympathetic audience in an Oregon town, the other evening, and a confederate "picked" ten wallets while the crowd was filing in and out.

An applicant for appointment on the Kansas City, Mo., police force received a blank to fill out, one of the questions being, "What is the general state of your health?" To this he appended "Missouri."

"He's a man of large calibre," remarked Smith to Jackson, speaking of an acquaintance. "Indeed!" was the reply, "how do you make that out?" "He's a great bore." "Oh!" murmured Jackson, and fainted away.

A clerk in the Postoffice Department at Washington has been insane for the last two years, and for the latter half of the time an inmate of an asylum; still his salary of $1,400 has been drawn by his family just the same.

The eccentric sybarite King Louis II., of Bavaria, has ordered the manager of the Royal Theatre at Munich to produce "Theodora," at a cost of $40,000. His Majesty will be the sole spectator of the performance, which will be continued during his pleasure.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Queen's son-in-law, has given the British papers a fresh theme for ridicule by appearing at the Balmoral games, in pursuance of his mother-in-law's command, in tartan and kilt, and then having to quit the grounds prematurely because his legs were cold.

Jones (who sometimes drinks to excess): "I was coming home from the club last night, and I saw a ghost ten feet tall. Surprised, are you?" Brown—"No, not in the least. I wouldn't be surprised at anything you saw coming home from the club."

Prospective bridegroom (to prospective bride): "Would it be possible, do you think, dear, to postpone our wedding until Monday? I am in receipt of a despatch calling me to New York on important business." Prospective bride: "I'm afraid not, George dear. The wedding presents, you know, are only rented until Saturday."

In Paris an American artist is dining with a wealthy and elderly countryman, who prides himself on his knowledge of all matters esthetic. The artist remarks: "I dropped in at the Louvre to-day to take a look at the 'Venus of Milo.' I have a great admiration for that statue." His host, approvingly: "Yes, it is a fine thing—very fine. By the way, did Milo ever do anything else?"

"That boy of yours is not adapted for the undertaking business," explained an undertaker to the boy's mother, who inquired why he had been discharged. "What's the trouble with him?" "He hasn't a realizing sense of what is due the afflicted. Day before yesterday Mrs. B buried her fourth husband. I sent the boy up to learn at what hour she wished the ceremony to take place, and he asked her what her regular time of day was for burying husbands. I expect to lose her trade entirely."

He looked earnestly at the two glass hand grenades that hung on the walls of the corridor of the theatre. "How thoughtful," he said, "of the management to provide bottles of water in case of faintness among the ladies." "Them's fire extinguishers," interrupted the attendant. "When a fire breaks out you throw a bottle on it and it puts it out." "Any kind of fire?" "Yes—big or little." "Then I declare I'll have half a dozen put into my coffin."

There is no class of people so absent-minded as the professors. Not long since one of the greatest living scientists, a professor at the University of Texas, entered his lecture room for the purpose of delivering his usual morning lecture on moral philosophy, when his eye fell on a picture of himself that had been drawn on the blackboard by one of the rascally students. In his absent-mindedness, the professor imagined he was already in the room, so he quietly withdrew, and returned to his his residence.

CURIOUS INVENTIONS.

FASHIONS do not change so easily as most people suppose. The fashion for tombstones, for instance, has been much the same for many years, yet it appears from models in the Patent Office that various attempts have been made by enterprising gentlemen to change the form and style of these gruesome reminders of mortality.

Monuments are still made of marble and granite, although one inventer patented a hollow glass column, filled with white powder. Another man devised a glass pyramid to be placed on a stone pedestal, the pyramid to be filled with artificial flowers.

Several people have many plans for preserving the picture of the grave in a conspicuous place upon the tombstone. In 1851 the leading style of picture was a daguerreotype. There is one of them fastened to the model of a tombstone which was patented a few years ago. It has a ghastly look.

There are a large number of models for tombs and monuments in one great stone grave, to be placed above ground. On these models, as well as upon those of the many contrivances for grave guards, it appears upon the genuine article.

The queerest model in the collection is labelled 'Improvements in grave mounds.' It was patented in 1868, and appears to be a pyramid of little yellow cones. There is nothing to show what the little cones are to be made of, or why they are an improvement upon ordinary earth and turf.

A strong effort has also been made to change the fashion of opening oysters. There are numerous models of machines for that purpose. One of them appears to have a vice to hold the oyster while a powerful battering-ram comes up from behind and hits him unaware.

It is understood that after the battering-ram hits him once the oyster will give up and let go of himself. Several of the models are called machines for 'shucking' oysters. One of them seems to be nothing but a big iron hook. In spite of all these excellent arrangements, the oysterman still stands behind the counter with a knife, prises the shell open, cuts his own finger with the knife, and bedews the oyster with human blood as he passes him out to be swallowed.

There are several ingenious devices for scaling fish. One of them is shaped like a box carriage, has twenty wheels, and a dozen leather belts. One of the leather belts has a row of sharp tacks along it. There is a place for the fish to be put in whole, and another place for it to come out all dressed. The machine appears to be intended to run by steam power.

Housewives have received their fair share of attention from inventive genius. There are more models of washing-machines than of any other one thing. Much mind-labor has been bestowed upon potato-mashers and egg-beaters. Some of the results are surprising.

There is a model of an egg-beater which is exactly like an old-fashioned 'four-poster' bed-stead. Instead of cords or springs, there is a combination of wheels and bands, by which several egg-beaters are whirled around with great rapidity underneath. The eggs are deposited in cups under the bed.

Some thousands of animal-traps, insect-traps, fly-traps, rat-traps, and mouse-traps have been invented to make life more pleasant for the housewife, and to relieve her of her tormentors. Some of them appear to be so constructed that the rat, mouse, fly, or insect must have a precious course of training to enable it to get into the tray.

One rat-trap has a loaded pistol just outside of it, which is intended to shoot the rat while he is trying to get in. It was patented in 1856. Several of the traps consist of inoffensive-looking cylinders, out of which spring harpoons, barbed hooks, spears, and other deadly implements to pierce the animal when he accommodatingly touches the trigger. There is a fly-trap of the size and general appearance of a corn-sheller. It is probably intended to run by horse power.

The farmer is remembered by small spears concealed in the hills of freshly planted corn. When the crow comes, the springing spear flies upward and impales him.

There are no shapes into which wire can be twisted which are not to be seen in the models for spring beds. The first one was patented over forty years ago. It consists simply of thin and narrow strips of metal running lengthwise and crosswise of the bed, and riveted at the intersections.

For a few years thereafter the rage seemed to be for canvas substructures for bedsteads, then came the wire and the wood strips. Some bed frames were composed largely of rubber, and these must have been delightful elastic.

Humanity went through a long course of experiments, however, before it found the easiest way to rest its weary bones, and the sybarite who bitterly complained because one of the rose leaves which composed his bed had become crumpled, would have found some of the contrivances invented for his comfort quite unbearable. The oldest model for a bedstead that we have ever seen is dated June 11, 1829.

Only one post and one side bar appear in the model, and the invention must have been either of a new way of putting them together, or of a reversible post which would stand on either end with equal ease.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Citizen (to editor with valise in his hand)—"Hello, Shears! where are you going at this hour in the morning?" Editor Shears (looking warily about)—"I'm going for the first train. In writing up the sociable last night I stated that the ladies were the comeliest set of women I ever saw assembled together. This morning's paper had 'homeliest' for 'comeliest,' and I am going up into the North woods for a month's vacation."

"HAVE you heard Miss Simpson sing since she returned from France?" "Several times." "Do you think she has improved?" "Very much." "In what particular?" "She doesn't sing as much as she used to."

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FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Sanatarian, that excellent health publication has the following contents in its latest number: Relation of the Depth of Water in Wells to Typhoid Fever; Future Water Supply of Philadelphia; Public Baths in Vienna; Population of Paris; Medical Legislation; Frictional electricity; Progress of State Medicine; Poisonous Cheese; Atmospheric Humidity; Even Division of Climate Based Upon Combined Atmospheric Humidities; Colorado and Florida as Resorts for Consumptives; Wine, Beer or Spirits? ; What Shall We Drink? etc., etc., etc. Published at 113 Fulton St., New York.

The October number of the *North American Review* contains twent-three articles by as many different contributors—among whom are an English Cardinal, an American Admiral, two American Major-Generals, two American ex-Ministers to European Courts, an American Artist, an N. Y. Assemblyman, an ex-United States Senator, the Mayor of New York, an ex-Governor of New York, two distinguished American Men of Letters, and famous American Financiers—Manning, Ammen, Ben. Butler, Fits John Porter, Elihu B. Washburne, Wm. Waldorf Astor, (his first appearance in literature), J. B. Eustis, of Louisiana, Wm. R. Grace, of New York, Theodore Roosevelt, Horatio Seymour, E. P. Whipple, Charles T. Congdon, Dorman B. Eaton, and some others less known. There is also a very characteristic private letter from Gen. Grant to his father, written from Milliken's Bend, just two days before he started in the Vicksburgh Campaign. It is contributed by Col. Fred. Grant. Published at New York.

The Quiver for October has more articles of week-day interest between its covers than usual. It opens with a spirited poem called, A Hero's Helmet, to which is given the honor of an equally spirited frontispiece. Then follows an account of a, Sceptical Nobleman, by the Rev. William Burnett. The sketch of the various forms of Methodism in the North of England is apropos of the recent North Country Celebration. A very entertaining article is, With the Hop Pickers, describing the class of people who follow this trade, and the gypsy life they leap. The first part of, The True Story of Lottie, is told for the children, and well told. Then comes the Rev. Alexander Roberts, D. D., on, The Beloved Disciple." Theology is broken in upon by, A Song of the Lily, sung by Clara Thwaites. This lighter vein is followed up by a story, Loyal and True, by Margaret Scott Hayfield. Dr. John Stoughton continues his, Sunday Talks in the Rush of Life. The Privileges of Christian Life are laid before us by the Rev. Dan'l Moore; there is a second paper on Historical Flowers, while Rev. Wm. Guest points out the Drift of Evolution. The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse gives the third part of his Sunday readings in the Psalms. Theology, fiction, descriptive articles, poetry, music and pictures are also given in pleasing variety. Cassell and Co., New York.

NEW MUSIC.

Russell & Co., Music Publishers, Boston, Mass., sends us the following excellent selections of ballad, and choral singing: There's Light Behind the Clouds; The Minstrel, male chorus; It Shall be Light, sacred; Father of Mercy, sacred; Sun of My Soul; and, I Will Give Thanks.

Persons who want anything in the line of music—new or old—will find White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass., one of the best stocked firms in the country. Among their latest publications in the way of songs and choruses are: Daisy Blossom; I've Called You Back Again Kathleen; Stick to Your Father, Dick; Jennie the Wild Flower of the Lea; Hie Away Ole Satan; Come, Paint the Old Town Red; I'se Gwine to Mown No More; Come and Kiss Me, Katie Darling; De Coon dat Had de Razor; Good Bye, Nancy Jane; and, You'll Never Miss Your Mother Till She's Gone.

We are accustomed to think that greatness always denotes exceptional powers; yet most of the world's great men have rather been distinguished by an invincible determination to work out the best that was within them. They have thought, spoken, or acted according to their own natures and judgment, without any wavering hesitation as to the probable verdict of the world. They were loyal to the truth that was in them, and had faith in its ultimate triumph; they had a mission to fulfil, and it did not occur to them to pause or falter.

Not a particle of quinine nor any mineral substance is contained in Ayer's Ague Cure—but it does the business. Warranted.

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.

THE two great amusements, or, rather passions, of a Spaniard are gambling and the cruel bull-fights, said to have originated with famous Hanothe and his knightly Cid, who were the first to oppose the bull on horseback. In the olden times, only princes and nobles engaged in the sport which always accompanied any private solemnity.

Instead of breaking a lance in the list as in a tournament, it was the fashion to challenge a rival to go in grand array of silk and velvet to the Plaza, and there to brave the fury of a Spanish bull. Poets sang the deeds of the combatants, and told of their valiant doings.

History tells that Cortes, the great traveler and conqueror of Mexico, when yet but a youth, was present at such a fight, where a desperate, half-maddened animal had savagely disabled all who presented themselves before him.

No one would again venture, when a beautiful, but proud, lady present, whom Cortes loved, flung her bouquet at the feet of the raging animal, making a sign to the young man to fetch it back for her sake if he dared.

At a bound he was over the palisades, snatched up the flowers from under the very nose of the fierce bull, and returned in safety to his place; not, however, before he had flung the bouquet in the heartless lady's face—reminding one of the story of the French Count de Lorge and his lady's glove, only that was at a lion instead of a bull-fight.

Mighty kings, and even queens, were often present at the circus to witness the rival deeds of Spanish knights and Moorish nobles, never seeming to think them barbarous exhibitions, until the good and womanly Isabella (whose very name reminds us of Columbus and America) witnessed one, and but one, from which she turned with deep disgust and horror, declaring that such fearful, savage struggles between man and beast should be done away with in her dominions. Then the stately Court was in an uproar. Her courtiers and all the nobles and dons of Spain were horified.

What! do away with the danger and the blood in which they delighted to outdo each other? Dreadful! They begged and entreated her to change her mind; and so she had to allow them to go on, only bargaining that the bull's long, sharp horns should be covered with leather pads; but after, when they thought the subject was forgotten, they would omit to put them on, and men and horses were once more gored to death on the sand of the red Plaza, amid the cheers of the lookers-on.

And again after the dear and beloved Isabella, came kings who encouraged the popular sport. The great Charles V., master of a mighty empire, prided himself on being a valiant bull-fighter, as much as did Pizarro, the conqueror of golden Peru, of facing the wildest bull of them all.

And bull-fights in those days were ruled by laws as stern as those of our own old tournament grounds. The bulls were encountered full front by the nobles on horseback, and with lance in hand, for this was indeed a test of coolness and courage; for if the horse was gored, as often happened, and the knight was overthrown, he was bound to continue the struggle alone and unaided; for if he left the ring without slaying the bull, he was indeed disgraced and jeered at by all present. He might not even use his sword unless his lance snapped; and many were the eyes ready to watch that these conditions should not be broken, even to save the life of the prudent don.

All this went on until the reign of Philip V., who disliked these shows so much that he prevailed on the priests to forbid them and to refuse Christian burial to all those who died in the circus; and at length the nobility, not daring to disobey, gave up their dangerous amusement.

The common people, however, would not agree to do so, but kept on in spite of everybody, and gradually there appeared another class of bull-fighters; and to-day, both in Spain and Portugal, every great town has a square on purpose to exhibit these inhuman shows. The men who come every spring and autumn, sword in hand, to kill or be killed by the bull, are well-paid people. The matadors (slayers) receive from 75 to $125 a day, and the mounted picadors, who do service in the ring, armed with a long spike or goad, but never kill, though, poor fellows, they often get killed, receive $20 or $25 each. So you see, for those who need money and disdain danger, it is a tempting service, but very unlike the knightly encounters of old.

A Few Useful Rules.—It is easy, of course, to keep your husband's love. In the first place never agree with him. When you are at home, keep yourself in a "blue state." Take from him all the money he can spare, and even more. Flirt with every man you meet, if he—the man gives you a chance. At the same time, be frantically jealous of him. Snub him and tyrannize over him in the presence of his bachelor friends before whom he is solicitous of appearing as the most enviable man in existence, and to whom he is particularly anxious to rehearse the delights of Benedictdom. The mortification he will feel at the frustration of his laudable desire will most assuredly produce a reaction in your favor.

A Door Bell.—A pretty and attractive maid-servant.

Nothing tries the patience of a man more than to listen to a hacking cough, which he knows could easily be cured by investing 25 cents in a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Humorous.

CONTENTMENT.

Once on a time an old red hen
Went strutting round with pompous clucks,
For she had little babes ten,
A part of which were tiny ducks.

"'Tis very rare that hens," said she,
"Have baby ducks as well as chicks—
But I possess, as you can see,
Of chickens four, and ducklings six?"

A season later this old hen
Appeared, still cackling of her luck,
For, though she boasted babies ten,
Not one among them was a duck.

"'Tis well," she murmured, brooding o'er
The little chicks of fleecy down—
"My babies now will stay ashore,
And, consequently, cannot drown."

The following spring the old red hen
Clucked just as loudly as of yore—
But, lo! her babes were ducklings ten,
Instead of chickens, as before.

"'Tis better," said the old red hen,
As she surveyed her waddling brood;
"A little water now and then
Will surely do my darlings good."

But, oh, alas! how very sad!
When gentle spring rolled round again
The eggs eventuated bad,
And childless was the old red hen!

Yet patiently she bore her woe,
And still she wore a cheerful air,
And said: "'Tis best these things are so,
For babies are a dreadful care!"

I half suspect that many men,
And even many women, too,
Could learn a lesson from the hen
With foliage of vermillion hue.

She ne'er presumed to take offence
At any fate that might befall,
But meekly bowed to Providence;
She was contented—that was all!

—S. F. OLEN.

A simple lay—An egg.

Hard to beat—Carpets.

Stern necessity—The rudder of a boat.

A child's definition of snoring—Sleeping out loud.

A bit of real life—A piece of boarding-house cheese.

It seems a little singular that a man's face is generally the longest where he himself is the "shortest."

Two Englishmen met in mid-ocean on the deck of a steamer. One asked, "Going across?" "Yes, are you?" And the conversation ended.

An editor epigrammatically defines the position of the great mass of the population when he says, "I am a capitalist, at heart, but a working-man from necessity."

"Do you know what the board over that cow's face is for?" asked the Colonel. "No," responded the Major, "unless it is to keep her blushes from being seen when the milkman works the pump-handle."

"I should think you would need a military guard to keep the young men away," said a citizen to the father of six marriageable daughters. "Oh, I'm a pretty good foot soldier myself," was the cheerful reply.

A fragment—Flat and round and fragrant as to body; motion, rapid; his scent as keen as a hare's; his love for mankind beyond the telling. The sleeper turned and twisted from one side of the bed to the other and back again. It was his first night in his summer boarding house. (And the villain still pursued.)

"Why," he pleaded, "our very circumstances bind us together; our similar tastes, our friendship, our long acquaintance." "Yes," she replied, "even age could bind us together." "What age, dearest?" he asked. "Marriage," answered she, gloomily. A minute later, as he paste up and down the room alone, he realized that his failure was complete.

Colored culprit—"Yes, sah, I tuk de chicken. I was gwine ter make some chicken pie, and I tuk de cook book and read de directshuns, and it says: 'Take one chicken.' Hit don't say buy one chicken or borry one chicken, but hit says take one chicken. Hit don't say whose chicken we take, so I jest tuk de fust one I could lay my han's on. I 'fered de directshuns, sah, in de book."

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WHISKERS

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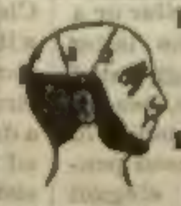

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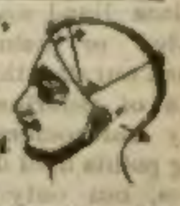

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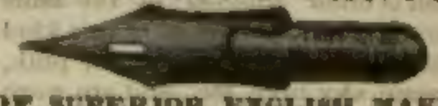

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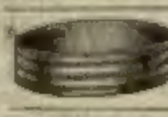

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Pelerines are still most fashionable vetements especially for young ladies, whether married or single; there are also many varieties of mantelets, all of which are similar, in a certain degree, to the pelerine, and these may be worn by ladies of all ages whose figures retain a slender youthfulness. The materials and trimmings of such pelerines and mantelets, as also mantillas, which are very expensive, and made of beaded gauze, are of endless variety.

Plaited chenille pelerines or mantelets with scarf ends, ornamented with jet beads are very acceptable as a light wrap for grounds or park in summer and Autumn evenings, or for delicate ladies to throw over the shoulders when leaving a warm room to cross a draughty passage or hall.

Some useful and lady-like pelerines are of alternate stripes of plaited silk braid and plaited chenille, fastened at the throat with an elegant beaded or metal clasp.

The beaded gauze pelerines already mentioned are to be had of various prices, and are made of many qualities, some being trimmed all around with a rich lace flounce, headed by beaded passementerie and gimp pendants falling over the lace.

A pleated lace ruche and double cascades of lace of a different pattern down the front complete the ornamentation. A similar model is of beaded gauze and finely cut beads put on in small rings, and the lace flounce embroidered with beads to match.

On many of the stylish beaded gauze mantillas, the square scarf ends are tied in at the waist with long loops and ends of ribbon and trimmed with lace and beads, and a very fashionable model of this kind has the sleeves turned under and long lace scarf ends falling from the neck in front.

Lace and bead pelerines are also worn and sometimes the lace is colored to match the costume, but pelerines and mantelets matching the dress, especially when this is made of the plain or embroidered canvas materials so much worn, are extremely fashionable and most becoming to the slender figures of young girls, who adopt par excellence pelerines of lese de dentelle or woolen lace made in black and colors, but they look best of cream or ecru lined with blue or cerise surah.

We must not omit to remark that all the outdoor wraps described are finished at the neck with a thick ruche or standing frill of lace lined sometimes with a collar or a beaded or plain neckband. The latter struck our attention on a rather exaggerated style of pelerine in canvas gauze, beautifully embroidered and cut out below in long points held down by heavy bead pendants, but only suitable for an elegant woman with a very quiet, ladylike way of walking.

The distinguished looking collar bands just mentioned are often accompanied by a lace flounce festooned with beads, or bead pendants hanging gracefully over this. For evening wear a plastron of lace or embroidered etamine, or crepe de chine is added and both sides are unlike. Every kind of thin material, and even ribbon, is employed for fichus, and a very pretty plastron may be made of two pieces of figured or moire ribbon and some good lace. The collar jabots are also much in vogue.

The most elegant plastrons, fichus, etc., are made of embroidered crepe de chine, and a vest is often adopted of the same thin material; sashes and fichus of this kind are of different light shades of rose, pink, saffron, cream, sky blue, etc., and are worn with toilettes of another color.

Large button agraffes are wonderfully stylish ornamentations, and with bows take the first place. Buttons, except very small ones, are never used to close a dress, as the front trimming and finishes, without which a toilette seems scarcely adjustable make them unnecessary and out of place.

The skirts of tailor-made costumes are round and full, and mounted on silk foundation skirts. The tunic is an unpretending draped tablier, completed at the back by a plaited breadth, raised a trifle on one side, or both sides, but very full at the waist and nearly covering the back of the skirt.

As to the bodice, it molds the bust with the most perfect accuracy, not a fold, not a shadow of a crease is to be found in its faultless fit, resembling that of a habit bodice. It is sometimes fastened straight down the front, with little round buttons put on close together; in other cases it opens over a waistcoat of white pique or a plaited chemisette, the plaits of which are as fine and regular as those made by lingiers, and sewn flat on a lining. The chemisette is made of white or colored crape or silk in a color giving a pretty contrast to the dress material.

Waists are made with long points in front and a jockey or postillion back. Sleeves are tight below the elbow, but fuller above that point. There is a tendency to enlarge them in the armhole, and puffs in the armhole are also revived.

Many sleeves are made with cuffs. In the woolen stuffs Parisian modistes allow a colored selvedge to show so that it forms a trimming. Striped stuffs are draped at the back so that half are perpendicular and the other half horizontal.

Small guluines of muslin are very graceful. They are trimmed with a sort of very pretty fancy lace and bows of ribbon matching the dress. When trimmed with bows of black velvet ribbon they are suitable with any dress. Very wide sashes are worn both with washing and dressing of other fabrics, and often the loops and ends supply all the back drapery necessary. A velvet basque worn over a skirt of lace or fine embroidery is lovely for the evening, and the same skirt with waist to match is a charming afternoon dress.

A charming costume is made thus. A black satin, intermixed with a velvet brocade, the bodice made in brocade, and panels at the side, with puffings of lace; the bodice a low square with lace sleeves just reaching to the elbow, and bordered with jet trimming and drops; the black lace sleeves, so much the fashion now, are made up over white. There was a drapery of lace on the shoulders, and the bodice was laced at the back.

A most stylish Autumn travelling dress was made in dark blue alpaca, one of the most useful serviceable stuffs ever worn, and now decidedly coming in again. The bodice was plain, like a habit, the skirt very simply draped, with no dust traps in the form of plisse, so annoying to travellers; and with it was a long cloak for travelling.

A brown canvas dress had a close fitting accompanying coat made up over red, with revers from neck to hem of brown velvet, the skirt also brown canvas over red. A mantle also took the coat form, made of black brocaded velvet, heavily trimmed with lace and jet, and there was a close-fitting braided jacket of cloth.

A rich yellow dinner gown was covered with black lace, and worn with a striped low square black and yellow bodice, laced at the back and draped with black lace.

A dress suitable for a bride's mother may be of French blue gros de Naples and Chantilly lace. The false skirt is covered with a loose round faille skirt. On the lower border, coming from beneath, is a narrow, straw-colored satin plaiting. Above this is a deep lace flounce, with the heading covered by a plaiting of faille. The tunique consists of a draped apron, forming a point on the right side, and leaving the left side uncovered, to show a plaited quille, which is fastened to the back of the skirt.

The breadths in the back fall straight on the left side, and are slightly draped on the right near the apron under black jet passementerie applique work. The pointed waists opens in the neck in shawl shape, and has a collar and revers of blue velvet. Against the waist, under the shawl point, is a large round ornament of jet work. The back of the tailor waist forms a deep point. The tight sleeves end below the elbow, where they are trimmed with cuffs and jet work.

The lace capote is worked with beads. In the centre, in front, is a bunch of plumes, and small bows of blue velvet and white satin intermixed. The strings are of blue ribbon velvet.

A word to the economical. If you have any half-worn silks by you, take a good look at them, and see if, by the admixture of canvas draperies, you cannot transform them into new garments, or the semblance of new.

This years' draperies do not require a large quantity of material, and with a silk foundation and a peep of the best part of the silk here and there, I have seen most respectable-looking garments turned out under unfavorable circumstances.

Domestic Economy.

There is an ever-growing love for floral decorations, and at this time, when everything is fresh and fair and sweet, the means of gratifying the taste are ready at hand. No longer are the simpler sort of flowers banished from our reception rooms as too common, but are to be seen in rich profusion. Large branches of ferns, wild cherry, rhododendron, and horse-chestnut, rich in blossom, are to be seen in the very tall glasses, in corners of rooms and vestibules, while wall-flowers in cream Wedgwood, cowslips, buttercups, marsh marigolds, and primroses in old blue china; bluebells and anemones, set off by feathery grass and fresh green fern, in red glass or colored pottery, are placed everywhere, even on the dinner table.

Diary pans, painted first white, and then blue, in imitation of the old blue willow pattern, are planted with growing ferns and filled up with moss, and stand on little tables or stools.

Rough rustic baskets, of willow and rushes, especially the latter, are fitted with a tin or a delf pudding dish, and almost hidden by the produce of hedge and woodland. Flowers pots, containing some good-sized plant, that are too bulky for the ordinary china covers, stand in the baskets used formerly for waste paper, or in still coarser ones.

Sometimes these have a wide sash ribbon tied round them in a bow, or a length of festooned plush or Syrian curtain, but more generally are unadorned, in all their natural-simplicity. Thus the means of making a room pretty and bright are within the reach of all, and only require a little taste and a little ingenuity.

The rush baskets are quite new this season and seem to be very popular. Plaited green rushes are twisted round the tall chip handles and in and out of the usual willow foundation.

Later on in the year, when fruit becomes abundant, baskets will be very fashionable as receptacles, instead of the usual glass and china dishes. China bowls, whether of rare old china or of cheap modern imitation ware, are quite the rage now on dinner tables and about reception rooms, and hold flowers or pot plants, the pot hidden by moss put on, and kept in place by thin wire passed round.

White china swans, as large as can be obtained, are often to be seen at dinner or luncheon parties, with smaller ones scattered about, all filled with the same flowers, or with fern. Just now primroses or cowslips are the thing; dark blue or red plush stands support them. Later on, when water lilies come in, these swans will look most effective surrounded by them.

One of the last novelties in painting, which has figured recently rather largely at bazaars, is a child's common slate, in its rough wood frame. The usual string, passing through the hole and suspending the pencil, is attached, and only one side of the slate is decorated, the other being reserved for the original purpose.

These are denominated housewives' slates and are intended to be used by the mistress of a house for daily ordering. The wooden frame is made to look as attractive as possible, and a group of flowers or a landscape is painted in oils on the slate, and afterwards varnished.

Pickle jars with four flat sides are also decorated, after being first painted all one color, and also common smooth glass tumblers, both intended for holding flowers.

Wooden sabots are now sprinkled over with rice (having been previously washed over with strong gum), and then gilded, silvered, or painted. They look very well. The tall tin or pewter water jugs, in ordinary use in foreign parts, are to be met with, plain or painted, in the boudoir as well as bedroom. It is probably only a passing fashion of the day, as they are neither so ornamental nor so handy as the brass ones now so much in use.

Colored glass carafes and tumblers, especially red, are fashionable on dinner tables and also on washing stands.

Orange baskets, such as are used in shops and markets for keeping oranges in, are now metamorphosed into the daintiest work receptacles by being bound and trimmed, lined and tied round with worsteds, scraps of plush, gimp and braid. These baskets are of the commonest description; but when lined with colored sateen, bound with braid and worked over with worsted, and finally held together by a loop and large colored button, sell at bazaars readily.

Carpenters' baskets manipulated after the same manner, are more remunerative, and to be recommended, as being better made, and ready bound. The colored worsted balls fringe is sewn on in a double row round the edge. Squares of plush can be effectively used by being placed, diamond ways, on each side of the galoon which passes down each side of the carpenters' baskets, the edges overworked with silk or wool.

Anyone looking at one of these will understand my meaning. The ball fringe can be had at all the trimming and linen-drapers' shops for a very small sum, and in various shades. The smaller sizes of baskets are generally used. Clever fingers are trying their skill on fish and game baskets, and also on the cheap jute market bags. Tambourines are still highly painted both inside and out, and decorated profusely with colored satin ribbons.

One recently seen had the edges painted black, with lines of red and yellow, and the parchment centre with red poppies on one side, and yellow marigolds on the other; ribbons of black, red and yellow came out of the cymbal spaces round the edge, and were tied loosely together, thus:

Two black and yellow ribbons alternately coming from four of the spaces were tied in two knots with four ends hanging, then these four ends were knotted together and tied with a black and red bow. Pen-wipers can be made of the packets of cloth and merinos and flannels, securely fastened, and sent to everyone so frequently as sample packets.

I recently saw a great many on the stall of a bazaar, each one tied at the top with a smart little bow of colored ribbon. This is an idea for utilising what is usually consigned to the waste paper basket.

Another way of making use of scraps struck me as original, on the same fancy article stall, and that was in neatly tied up bags of chintz, odds and ends of print, flannel and material, labelled for patch-work.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Confidential Correspondents.

F. P.—A man cannot make for his own use an article patented by another without making himself liable to be sued for infringement.

E. S. T.—Young ladies should not be very forward in stopping gentlemen in the street, unless some close tie of relationship or future connection exists; then greater familiarity may be indulged in.

CAMPTOWN.—A man committing a misdemeanor in a foreign country would be tried in and by that country, but the consul of his country is supposed to see that his sentence is not oppressive.

WALTER.—Bonaparte received the name of "The Little Corporal" for his bravery in a hotly-contested battle with the Austrians at the bridge over the Adda, at Lodi, and in which the Austrians were defeated.

STUMPED.—There is no doubt the slang word "stumped" had its origin in the game of cricket just as the same game has given us "bowled out," implying that a man's imposture, or trickery, or meanness, has been discovered.

BOB.—It seems to us that any man who could hesitate in such a matter, or require advice, must be a rather tame-spirited person, and probably predestined to play the contemptible part of a hen-pecked husband during the whole period of his married life.

DUKE.—"A nice pair of horses," and "a pair of nice horses," are both correct expressions, but are not synonymous. A man may have a pair of extremely nice horses without having a nice pair of horses, for the horses may each be nice, but may not form a nice pair. So, also, a man may have a pair of horses which, as a pair, are nice, but which, singly, are not nice.

BISMEK.—In the matter of the English Cabinet the Premier alone is the direct choice of the Crown, the other members of the Cabinet being selected by the Premier. They and they alone are "The Government" of the country, and it certainly is an anomaly that these royal counsellors, unknown to the law of England, should really control the affairs of the state.

CELIA.—You are in a dilemma about some remarks made by your brother's "intended," which seem to you very shocking. Young girls often say things without reflection, and then persist in them from a spirit of opposition. We think that such must have been the case with this young lady. You had better give it no more weight than this, especially as she is not faulty in other respects.

J. V.—Knowledge of characters used in shorthand is of comparatively easy attainment, but the application of it for the purpose of following a speaker and correctly recording his words, requires patience, study, and perseverance. The alphabet should be practiced until it becomes so impressed upon the mind that not the least hesitation exists, but, as if mechanically, every character, upon its relative sound being uttered, can be immediately dotted down.

ELLEN.—It is pleasant to know that a word of advice has its effect sometimes. Lovers will come to you in plenty, without your having to sigh in vain for someone who does not care for you. Perhaps part of your troubles arose from an unhealthy state of body as well as mind. Morbid, desponding feelings are as often from physical as mental causes. Whatever yours arose from, we are glad to know that you have thrown them all away, and are going to start afresh in a healthier state of mind.

R. A.—Within the records of history thirty-three great eruptions of Mount Etna have taken place. In an eruption in year 1669, the city of Catania was destroyed in a minute, when more than eighteen thousand persons perished in the ruins. Vesuvius reposed for nearly fifteen hundred years, and its crater, a thousand paces deep and a mile and a half in diameter, was rich in wood and afforded herbage for cattle; in 1631, however, it again broke forth, and since then every ten years has had its destructive eruption.

BETTY.—Meerschaum is a silicated magnesia mineral; it is principally found in Natolia, in Lesser Asia, and in the island of Samos. It is used by the Tartars for washing their linen, but the principal consumption occurs in the manufacture of pipes. The Germans prepare their pipes for sale, first by soaking them in tallow, then in white wax, and finally polishing them with shavegrass. Genuine meerschaum pipes are distinguished from imitations by the beautiful brown color which they assume after being smoked for some time.

VERNON.—When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see; keep your eye upon it, and if it decreases and disappears, it shows a state of the air which will be sure to be followed by fair weather; but if it increases in size, take your umbrella with you, if you are going from home, for falling weather will not be far off. The reason is this; when the air is becoming charged with electricity, you will see every cloud attracting all less ones towards it until it gathers into a shower. And, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off or diffusing itself, even a large cloud will be seen breaking to pieces and dissolving.

F.—It is quite proper for a young woman to decline to keep exclusive company with a gentleman unless they are engaged; nor is it right for any man to attempt to monopolize the attention of a girl unless he intends to marry her; and if he intends to marry her, he should let her know it, and enter into a binding engagement with her. A man can flirt, and keep company with this girl and that, and change from one to another, without suffering any material injury to his matrimonial prospects; but it is very different with a women; or, at least, it injures her to be deserted by a man who has been looked upon as her affianced lover.

JOHN.—The one who is in the wrong should speak first; but inasmuch as both may think themselves in the right, and each may think the other wrong (which is too often the case between lovers), the conciliatory part may be acted by yourself in a graceful manner. There is no self-sacrifice in respect to one's personal dignity in being the first to make up a quarrel of this description. Lovers always torment themselves and vex each other with disputes of the kind, and they are very sorry for it afterwards. If each would only exercise a little forbearance and a command of temper, there would be no such falling-out, and much unhappiness would be spared them.